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No. 395

## OLD

They call him old. It may be  
That snow is in his hair,  
But in his heart is sunshine,  
For summer's always there.  
He has true hearts to love him,  
And keep the cold away,  
And where the frost is banished  
The summertime will stay.  
I think such hearts as his is  
Can never more grow old,  
Because they always love him,  
With love that is untold.  
He quaffs his wine's elixir,  
And his heart is always young,  
He has found the fountain  
Of which old poets sing.  
Oh, love me—love me always,  
And though my hair be gray,  
My heart will keep the sunshine  
Of a happy summer day.

## The Scarlet Captain:

OR,  
The Prisoner of the Tower.

### A STORY OF HEROISM.

BY COL DELLE SARA,  
AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE LEGION,"  
"THE PRIDE OF BAYOU SARA," "SILVER  
SAM," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

SKIPTON PASHA.

AND now in order that the reader may understand how it was that the two friends gained an easy entrance to the strongly-guarded tower of Dulcigno, we must retrace our steps.

Just as the evening shades were beginning to gather thick and heavy on the bosom of old Mother Earth, forth from the forest, near to the inn of the Black Bear's Head, came a manly form, well wrapped in a dark cloak and with a broad-brimmed hat pulled down over his eyes.

The stranger seated himself at the table under the cork tree, threw open the dark cloak, revealing the uniform of a Bashi Bazouk leader beneath, and pushed back the brigand-like hat from his brow.

A stout, jolly-looking fellow was this Turkish captain, but the head that sat upon the broad shoulders with its curly yellow locks and clear blue eyes, clearly never belonged to a native-born follower of the Prophet, the great Mahomet.

As all the world knows, two-thirds of the Turkish officers are foreigners, and this dashing Bashi Bazouk leader, one of the biggest scampires in all the Moslem host, Skipton Pasha by name, was as well known in his native town in old Yorkshire, England, as the traditional town-pump itself.

Tom Skipton he had been called at home, and a wilder boy never plagued a schoolmaster.

He had run away from home and enlisted in the army, served three or four years, then quarreled with one of the petty officers and thrashed him soundly, deserted and sought service with the Turks.

And now at the age of twenty-five we find him transformed from plain Tom Skipton, the devil-may-care English boy, into Skipton Pasha, Bashi Bazouk captain; but, just as big a "limb" as ever.

Since his command had been quartered in the neighborhood of Dulcigno, an excellent patron of the inn of the Black Bear's Head, the Bashi Bazouk captain had been, for a capital judge of good wine, was he.

A few such patrons and old Mother Koola, as the Turkish woman who kept the inn was called, would have made her eternal fortune, provided they paid cash, which, as a rule, Skipton Pasha never did.

With Shakspere's ancient Pistol he cried:

"Base is the slave that pays!"

Therefore a good round sum he owed the hostess of the inn for refreshments furnished.

Patiencie at last with Mother Koola ceased to be a virtue, and therefore, when, that afternoon, the Bashi Bazouk captain with his boon companions had swaggered up as usual and called for wine, in language strong and emphatic, if not refined, for the hostess had a tongue of her own, she told the gallant captain that she must first see the color of his money ere he could taste the quality of her liquor.

The captain assumed a lofty air, affected indignation that his word should be doubted, cried lustily that before nightfall she should be paid in full and then swagged away with his nose in the air, as proud as though he were the Grand Turk himself.

To tell the truth there was far more steel than gold to the life of the Bashi Bazouks.

The Turkish sultan was an excellent paymaster but a little irregular, and it was often months between the visits of the officials charged with the cash for the payment of the soldiers.

Night had come and with it the Bashi Bazouk captain.

From the window of the inn a pair of bright black eyes had been anxiously watching for the approach of the dashing Skipton Pasha, for it was not alone the red wine of the inn of the Black Bear's Head that had attracted the Bashi Bazouk captain. Zelina, old Mother Koola's daughter, the pretty maid, whom, perchance, the reader will remember we described as serving the tall unknown with the liquid refresh-



Upon one of the buttresses overhanging the Adriatic sea, stood the two men.

ment, was as full of natural coquetry as an egg is of meat, and as Skipton Pasha was a fine, tall fellow, not averse to the society of a pretty woman, a flirtation between the pair had been quite in order.

Hardly had the soldier seated himself at the table when the girl stole through the door of the inn and hastened to greet him.

"Where is thine aged parent?" quoth Skipton.

"Down in the cellar," replied the girl.

"I presume she expects me to settle with her to-night?"

"No she don't," answered Zelina, quickly.

"No!"

"No, she says that she knows she will never get a copper of it."

The Bashi Bazouk laughed.

"It is astonishing how all my creditors come to think that way in a very short time."

"She is terribly angry, and threatens to do all sorts of dreadful things."

"Bah!" cried the gallant Pasha, in supreme contempt; "it is but noise. Upon my honor as a soldier I have done my best to raise the gold to pay the debt. I went to my brave and noble brother officers, and all Europe holds no better men; I explained to them the peculiar position in which I found myself. I told them, frankly, I love the charming daughter of the dame that keeps the inn of the Black Bear's Head"—and here the impudent fellow drew the giggling girl down upon his knee and imprinted a fond salutation upon her pouting lips—"I owe the old woman money, and my course of true love will not run smooth until I pay up; gold I have not, therefore, comrades, aid me!"

"And did they?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"Ah! hearts of gold! At once they turned their pockets inside out, but as there wasn't anything in them, I didn't take it."

"Oh! how dreadful!"

And then came a sudden interruption to this tender scene, for out from the door of the inn bounded the old woman, and up from the knee of her lover jumped the girl. She fled precipitately around the house, and in at the back door, leaving the gallant captain to face the coming tempest alone.

"Oh! you've come back, have you?"

crowded the dame, a brawny woman of uncertain age, stout in figure, ugly in face, and boasting a mustache upon her upper lip which would not have discredited a grenadier.

"I have," replied the Bashi Bazouk, rising and bowing as politely as though he were addressing a princess.

"And the money—the money you owe me?"

"Patience!" cried Skipton, with the air of an ambassador; "patience," he continued; "this is a matter that requires time."

"And you haven't got the money to pay me?" persisted the hostess, not at all appeased by the wily art of the soldier.

"No, not to-night, I grieve to say, but to-morrow—"

"Ah, to-morrow it will be the same story!" exclaimed the dame, angrily. "I know you soldiers, varlets, all of you!"

"Nay, touch me not so nearly!" plead Skipton, theatrically. "By the beard of the Prophet, I swear I am an honest man!"

"There is only two ways to settle the matter," declared the old woman, in a very business-like way.

"Two ways?"

"Yes; either pay me what you owe, or—"

"Or what?"

"What do you think of me?" and the virago

squared herself, placed her arms "akimbo,"

and looked the soldier straight in the face.

Skipton was amazed.

"I have been called good-looking," the hostess observed, with an air of great complacency. "I have had three husbands already, and as I got along very well with them, I don't mind trying a fourth. You are just the kind of man I have been looking for. I've got the gold-pieces and can take good care of you. I'm much better suited to you than that little slip of a girl, the baggage."

The Bashi Bazouk was thunderstruck at the offer.

"Come, is it a bargain?" continued the dame. "It is a splendid chance for you. Tisn't every man gets such an offer."

"Really—I must request you to excuse me," Skipton stammered, for once in his life completely astounded.

"Oho! and that's the way the wind is, eh?" yelled the old woman, in a rage. "Well, now just listen to me; don't come round my inn after that baggage of a girl any more, or it will be the worse for you! Oh! you vile knave! if you dare to come to my house again I'll have you well thrashed!" And then the dame retreated to her castle, bolling over with indignation.

CHAPTER VI.

THE IRISH-TURK.

"Ah, they can't help it!" Skipton exclaimed, surveying himself with complacency after the dame's hasty retreat. "It's no use; they can't withstand this elegant figure."

"A sound of horses' hoofs interrupted the meditations of the Bashi Bazouk and a cavalcade came filing past—a troop of Turkish horsemen, and in the center two young and beautiful girls.

It was the Countess of Scutari and her foster-sister, Alexina, on their way to the dark tower of Dulcigno.

Skipton recognized the ladies at once. Only a few short months before he had made the acquaintance of the charming Alexina at Baden-Baden, he being absent from his duties on a furlough at the time. The English-Turk possessed a susceptible heart, always was ready to fall in love with a pretty face on the slightest provocation.

Alexina, recognizing the good-looking officer, bowed graciously to him as she rode past. The Bashi Bazouk was on tip-toes at once.

"My head to a Messina orange!" he cried, "but they are bound for the old tower of Dulcigno. I heard to-day that some ladies were expected there to-night. Aha! a chance to pursue my suit with Alexina. She must be pretty well provided with the ducats, too, being the foster-sister of the Countess of Scutari. I can easily get into the castle."

The Bashi Bazouk captain had an eye to business. He twirled his mustache, and canting back his head, smiled knowingly.

She will never be able to withstand this elegant figure," he murmured. "I must see Ofan Agan at once, for his troop are quartered just outside the castle, and he probably knows all about the arrangements of the guards."

"Speak of Old Nick and he is pretty sure to appear," so the bare mention of the name of the portly captain seemed to conjure him up, for the Irish-Turk came riding along in the gloom.

Perceiving Skipton he dismounted, tied his horse to the nearest tree, and approached the

young Englishman in a most mysterious manner.

"Whist, ye blaggard!" he commanded.

"What's the matter with you?" the Englishman asked. He and the Irish-Turk were old acquaintances.

"Bedad, ye're the very man I wanted to see!"

"Well, that's strange, for you're the very man I wanted to see."

"Tare an'ounds! Is that so?"

"Yes; your troop is camped just outside the old tower, isn't it?"

"Divil a bit of a lie in that."

"How about getting into the tower?"

"Phat do ye want in the tower, ye thafe of the world?"

"There is a lady there," replied Skipton, mysteriously.

The Irishman winked first one eye and then the other, significantly.

"Oh, ye devil! an' phat is that to yes?"

"I have a very urgent desire to get a few minutes' conversation with her."

"It's not the Countess of Scutari?"

"Oh, no; her foster-sister, Alexina Petrovitch."

"It's difficult, ye haythen Turk, ye!"

"How so?"

"There's a sentinel at the gate, an' divil a fut can ye get inside the walls widout the password."

"Oh!" and the brow of Skipton contracted.

"But it's myself that's the b'y that can give ye that password."

"You can?" the young Bashi Bazouk exclaimed in delight.

"Sorra taste of a lie in that!"

"My dear captain, the esteem I feel for you passes all explanation."

"Oh, wait til a while ago!" Ofan Agan retorted, again winking his little eyes in a manner intended to be highly mysterious. "It's a bargain I have to propose to ye. Ye have wan her: do ye mind?" and the Irishman pointed to the inn.

"The deuce you have!" and Skipton was visibly surprised, for it was plain the red-headed captain intended to poach on his preserves.

"Yes, sor, as foine a slip of a gurl as can be found from here to the Black Say, an' it's a mighty favorable eye she has for a gentleman about my size!"

The Englishman did not express in words the feelings that possessed him, just then; his policy was to wait.

"But the ould woman, ah!" and the Irishman opened his mouth wide in disgust.

"Oh, she don't like you, eh!"

"No, sor; an' just because I owe her a few paltry coins for her sour wine, bad 'cess to the liquer! I merely drank it so as to get a chance to court the gurl."

"Oh, ye; I see."

"It's a pot of willin' wather the ould jade threatens to douse me with if she catches me near her door ag'in."

"Is it possible?"

"Yis, sor, it is; an' I've an appointment wid the gurl to-night; but, bad cess to me, if I like to venture near the inn in me own proper person, do ye mind?"

Skipton was in a quandary. It was plain from this frank confession that the coquettish Zelina had more than one string to her bow, and all the time, too, he had fancied himself without a rival.

"Yes, I see," he said, after a pause; "the

old woman is a regular tiger, and I've no doubt that she would be as good as her word."

"A bright idea has seized upon me!" suddenly announced Ofan Agan, "an' it's just this: the cloak and hat of yours—give them to me, an' in return I'll reveal to you the password so that you can git into the tower, an' once inside you can easily fool any questioners by saying that you are on the staff of Ismail Bey."

"Ismail Bey!" exclaimed Skipton, astonished.

"Yes, sor, the commander-in-chief wid his staff will be at

"Married!" he cried, his brow dark and lurid light flashing from his evil eyes.

"Yes, married!" cried Catherine, in triumph, her swelling voice sounding high above the bustle and confusion. "I am not yet twenty-one; I have a husband, and the lands of Scutari are mine, safe from your clutches!"

Upon the sudden entrance of the Moslem host, the bridegroom had sprung to his feet, and in his right hand gleamed his trusty saber, while his left grasped a silver-mounted, self-cocking revolver.

Lauderdale also had his weapons out. Despite the number of the foe no thought of surrender or submission was in the mind of either of the two adventurers.

The renegade fairly ground his teeth with rage.

"Upon these two dogs!" he cried, in wrath; "cut them to pieces!"

But neither one of the two friends waited for the Moslem onset.

Between them and the secret stairway—the avenue to liberty—the turbaned host were gathered, and bold and straight as the tree mountain eagle darting upon his prey, they flung themselves, actuated by a common impulse, upon the armed men.

The barrels of their revolvers clicked around, with marvelous speed, shot succeeding shot, and each bullet found its billet in the person of a Turkish warrior.

And the renegade himself felt the sweeping force of the Scarlet Captain's steel, as taking advantage of the gap produced in the Turkish line by their well-aimed shots, the adventurers boldly charged forward, striking vigorously for liberty.

The saber of the Turk was shattered in twain as he opposed the blade to ward off the powerful stroke which else would have cleaved his head in twain.

The force of the blow bent the Turkish leader to the ground, and, seeing him fall, the Turks, believing him to be slain, were seized with a sudden panic and gave way before the bold attack, thus affording the two friends free access to the secret stairway.

Down the winding way the two ran, hastily thrusting their emptied revolvers in their sleeves, and drawing forth fresh weapons.

They were not yet out of the old tower, and another desperate struggle was certain.

The two gained the open court-yard in the center of the castle.

All was dark, the gates securely closed, while from the loop-holes, pierced in the stone walls for musketry, lights were gleaming and sounds of wild alarm were rising.

Asile as the wild goats of the Montenegrine mountains, the two scampered around the court-yard. Not even a passage could they find, big enough to afford escape to a half-starved dog, with the exception of the open doors of the main stairway of the castle, which was dimly lighted by a single lamp suspended in a niche in the wall.

"We are caged like rats in a trap!" the Scarlet Captain cried, as the two paused before the stone stairway and looked wishfully up the broad passage.

"Yes; the fall of their leader has evidently confused them, but as soon as they recover we'll have them around us as thick as hornets when the nest is shaken."

"Old fellow, if we escape from this danger, we can mark to-day as one to be remembered!" cried the Montenegrine. "Oh, for the wings of one of the eagles of my own native mountains to surmount these cursed walls!"

The cry of alarm and clang of arms grew louder and louder.

"The tug of war is near at hand!" the American exclaimed, taking advantage of the few moments' respite to recharge his revolver.

"We are in it, and I suppose there is nothing to be done but to sell our lives as dearly as possible, and die game."

Here spoke the courage of the man who had led Longstreet's attacking column at Knoxville, and, entangled in the hedge of telegraph wires and debris, cunningly arranged by the Federal general, had cheered on his men, despite the terrible point-blank fire from the Union forts, until wounded in a dozen places, he had sunk insensible from loss of blood.

"Ah, but my country—Montenegro needs me now!" the Unknown exclaimed. "I have only a single life to lose, but there is no man from the Adriatic to the mountains whose loss would be felt as sorely as mine."

Again the clang of arms rang out, and the trumpet of many feet sounded upon the air.

The crisis was near at hand.

"To escape through these massive walls is impossible!" Lauderdale cried, "nor are we winged like birds to surmount them; but this stairway is open. Let us boldly dash upward, no matter where it goes! Our position can be no worse than it is at present!"

"An excellent idea!" the Montenegrine assented. "Perhaps by it we can force our way to the roof of the tower, and then from the ramparts it is only a leap of a hundred feet or so down into the sea."

And with the word, the captain sprang up the stairway, closely followed by the American.

Not a moment too soon was this action taken, for they had not ascended three steps when the renegade, recovered from the shock of the blow which had beaten him down, led his Moslem sabers from the gate of the secret stairway into the court-yard.

The Turks had provided themselves with lanterns and torches, and so at once they perceived that the fugitives were missing.

"The gates are closed!" cried dark Hassan; "the main stairway is the only way open!"

"They are safely trapped then!" the renegade replied.

Up the massive way bounded the armed host, the renegade and Hassan in the advance.

They passed the dim circle of light afforded by the lamp in the niche, and toiled upward in the dark, their torches offering but a fitful glare.

And to their listening ears, as they followed so closely in the pursuit, came the jingle of the sabers of the fugitives as they fled toward the roof.

The moon, just rising above the horizon, afforded a dim light for the striking scene about to be enacted upon the ramparts of the old gray tower.

Upon one of the buttresses overhanging the swelling Adriatic sea, stood the two men as the Moslem host rushed out upon the flat roof.

"Fire upon them!" cried the renegade.

A sheet of flame illuminated the top of the dark tower for a second, and by its light the attacking host saw the two adventurers disappear from their airy pinnacle. Down they went into the sea beneath!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 394.)

A MULE struck lately on the Erie tow-path. They have found a strap and one suspender button that belonged to the driver.

### MY MARRIAGE NIGHT.

*Respectfully Dedicated to Miss S. E.*

BY HERMAN KARPLES.

Golden sun, now in the east,  
Hasten, hasten to your setting!  
Lovely purple mountains fleeced  
With the moon's first light and letting  
All your somber shadows lie  
Athwart the land;

Catch me, catch me, forsooth bare  
Cynthia's beams so soft and tender!

Evening lights are far more fair  
Than the morning's rosy splendor

Braided in your tangled hair  
Like a gleaming chain!

Lovely birds, with plumage rare,  
Sing sweet songs, then cease your warble,

Fold your wings, then fly away,  
Over your home's mid-stony marble,

While you guard your nestlings

Through the silent night.

Shining stars unroll your light  
O'er my love, who lies in dream,

Whispering, "I am your partner-night!"

Set her tender eyes to beaming

With the softness and the passion  
Of love's light!

### A Woman's Hand;

OR,

#### THE MYSTERY OF MEREDITH-PLACE.

BY SEELEY REGESTER,

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FEW THREADS.

MISS MILLER sat in the little low chamber of Lillian's room, which she had occupied since the day of the accident, which had disabled her from returning to the city for a length of time that she decided to have Lillian write to Mrs. Chateaubriand to procure another governess, her engagement coming to a close in a few weeks, at best.

It was now the first of July, and a period of rest to be enjoyed; to her, from physical pain, to Lillian, from the cares of her school—this being the first day of the summer vacation. Miss Miller leaned back in her arm-chair, looking idly out of the window and listening to a murmur of voices coming up from the parlor below; she could distinguish nothing that was said, and did not try to; but she knew who were there, and the popular topic of their conversation. Her face, pale and thin, her hands wist, bore the look of recent trouble. Bodily suffering might bring pallor and loss of flesh, but it had no bear for the woman's courage was great and her splendid physique enabled her to bear the pain of a broken arm without flinching; that was not what had changed her, and given that settled contraction to the black brows and drawn lines about the firm mouth. The low fever which had kept her a prisoner from April until July was entirely a mental malady.

There had been no gossip whatever in the village about the accident. When Lillian received my messages by Gram'me Hooker, she had gone alone to Meredith Place, unlocked the door whose key I had left on the outside, sat down by the bed where her friend lay looking up at her with defiant eyes, asked and received an explanation.

Whatever that explanation was, it was a character not to entirely break the existing friendship; when the two had had "their talk out," Miss Miller called Gram'me and sent her to the hotel, with a passed message to Arthur Miller to come quietly, with a carriage, for his sister had been injured by a fall at the old house, and needed assistance to return to her (Lillian's) home.

Arthur had responded speedily to the call. He must have been very much alarmed, for he was trembling visibly, and was whiter than his sister when he came into the laboratory.

"Good heavens, Annie! What—how?"

"Never mind the what or how, Arthur. I fell and broke my arm. A physician ha' a ready set it. What I want of you is to convey me home before the neighbors get a hint of what has occurred and come crowding in."

He gave a sharp glance about the room. Lillian, at Miss Miller's request, had previously gathered up the money in the bag and placed it in a little basket on her arm, yielding to the former's suggestion to keep matters quiet by concealing from the public what had been discovered.

"You must have been out early," remarked Arthur, when his survey was completed. "Was Miss Meredith with you?—and how did you contrive to fall in that awkward style?"

"I was out early; Lillian was not with me; and you know I am always awkward. I don't feel much like indulging in long explanations."

Something in her tone brought the blood into his face, which was now as red as it had been pale.

"I am glad you are hurt no worse, Annie," he said, after an instant's hesitation; and for once in his life there did really seem to be a touch of genuine feeling in his tones. "My state of mind was not enviable when I received the message, not knowing how serious the accident might have been."

"And, indeed, he still looked haggard.

"I have the newest carriage I could get at the livery. Come, sis, shall I help you up now? And who set your broken arm?—has old Doctor Smith been here?"

"Never mind about the doctor. It is set, and that suffices. Now."

She walked firmly enough to the carriage, but its motion, as they drove over the country-road, was a pretty severe trial; and when they helped her out at the cottage, she was quite ready to go bed.

That night she insisted on her brother staying with her, and lying on the couch in her chamber, saying that she was feverish and should want occasional attention, and that Lillian should not be broken of her rest; Sabbath night the same, it would be time enough for Lillian to take her turn when Arthur was no longer there. Had she submitted quite meekly, and, altogether, was so attentive to her sister, so obedient to her commands, as to rise creditably in Lillian's esteem, who usually had small respect for him.

Inez could hardly feel sorry at Miss Miller's sufferings—she was thereby given so fine an opportunity for trying the charms with which the old woman of the forest had supplied her; and, whether the spell worked, or whether it were simply that the black eyes were present and the blue ones absent, Arthur was at her feet as in the days before he met Bertha, begging for Spanish songs, and smiling to see the light glow in those wonderful, lustrous eyes.

But the greatest change which the events of the last two days had worked was in the mind of Lillian Meredith. Any one, knowing her well, as Miss Miller did, would have said that she had found relief from some pressing and constant care. It could not have been the acquisition of the thousand dollars which had come so strangely into her possession, which had given her such a glow of health and brightness in her eyes. What Miss Miller had told her, only themselves knew. My letter could not have had the effect I desired, since her governess still was her dear friend, and no viper, as I had informed her, sought to consider her. Had I been where I could have observed the effect, I should have told myself that the consummate art of that woman had carried her safely through this disaster, and left me lower sunken than ever in the opinion of the only person on earth for whose opinion I cared.

But I was far away from there at length, con-

sidering that my intermeddling had accomplished all it ever would; and as Gram'me Hooker's education had never reached to the height of editing and directing a letter without assistance, and as I had forgotten to arrange with her to

address me under an assumed name, I was entirely without means of knowing how the story of life was unfolding, leaf by leaf, at Meredith Place.

Unfolding, rosily enough, under the apple-blossoms of May and the flowery bower of June, as far as any human eye might read, For, as has been written, there was an unusual amount of gayety; youth, leisure and wealth held high holiday, not only at the old mansion, but all around the pleasant village. It was to be taken for granted that the bride-elect was happy; Sophie had her beaux and Inez her cavaliers, while Lillian was followed by Don Miguel as a shadow.

And now, as said at the beginning of this chapter, summer had come, bringing with it the beginning of a holiday for Lillian.

Miss Miller sat, thinking and listening, while the murmur of voices came from below. At last, her thoughts overflowed her lips:

"Do you know what she will decide in his favor?

If she accepts him, this dark, dark night of doubt and sin will begin to break." If she refuses him, what is there for any of us suffering, suffering disgrace! Ah, me! if I could quiet the voice of conscience—as I can, as I will, if she marries the Don. She will be rich, then, rich and happy; hers will be a brilliant destiny, and I need no other to make hers."

Again she relapsed into reverie, until the sound of a hasty step, of some one going out the back gate, startled her, and she leaned forward eagerly.

"He has gone! She has refused him!"

"You are the picture of despair," cried Lillian, breaking into her room. "What has happened to give you such a desperate expression?"

Her own face was flushed and the tear on her cheek was not dry.

"It is you who must tell me that, child. You know the heart was set on your accepting Don Miguel, and you have refused him. I can tell it by the manner of his leaving the house. And of course he will never speak to you again. This is the third time."

"He should not have persisted."

"Oh, Lily, he loves you so, and is in every way a gentleman. I do not know what you can be thinking of, to throw away such an opportunity."

"Opportunity for what?"

"Getting settled in life."

"So a husband is only to be viewed as a means of getting settled for life! Now, I thought you had more enthusiastic views, my dear friend. And as for settlement—are not we, you and I, settled for life? I thought you liked it as much as I."

"You dear, heroic darling! do you suppose I wish to devote you, in your youth and beauty, to the service of some scoundrel?" Bodily suffering might bring pallor and loss of flesh, but it had no bear for the woman's courage was great and her splendid physique enabled her to bear the pain of a broken arm without flinching; that was not what had changed her, and given that settled contraction to the black brows and drawn lines about the firm mouth.

"Lillian, I love you better than anything on earth; say no more; I have hurt your feelings; let it pass. That is not the worst. You will know, soon enough. Justice shall be done, as soon as I have conquered the last weakness of my nature. Do you know what has become of Inez this afternoon?"

"She went to walk in the direction of Gram'me Hooker's."

"Alone?"

"I think so. She has taken quite a fancy to me; they have long talks together nowadays."

"What sort of person is Mrs. Hooker?"

"You have seen her often enough to judge for yourself."

"I mean is she a conscientious, reliable woman; or is she one of those who would do anything for money?"

"Oh, she is a good woman—I wish I were as good."

"Then no great harm can come from Inez's visits."

"Of course not. But I am surprised that Inez is so interested in her, when she used only to ridicule her."

"Some one else pays long visits, too. Gram'me must be a very entertaining old lady."

Lillian blushed. "Gram'me and I have been friends ever since I was old enough to remember her. I go there to talk over old times with her and to see her wants, and—" she paused.

"I suppose so," remarked Miss Miller, dryly.

"I do believe you are

**THE MAID OF LINDEN TOWERS.**

BY J. M.

Through down the stream of Time I creep,  
As my that stream my days have crept,  
In my heart one picture keep  
While years have in their slumbers slept.

The sunburst of the rosy morn,  
That shone upon life's natal day,  
Still shines as bright where I was born  
And still around the children play.

Was there in those fast-flying hours,  
Mid other dreams now long forgot,  
A love grew up by those old towers  
Time's heavy hand shall alter not.

A maid sat on a mossy stone  
Far in the oldest golden time;  
Nor was the maiden all alone,  
A youth was there ere yet his prime

The air was sweet, the hour divine,  
Or so they still appear to me,  
And there I knelt at beauty's shrine,  
As kneels no Eastern devotee

And the with all the fire of youth  
My love to her I appealed  
And she was silent, but her truth  
Her downcast eyes did not conceal.

Then having breast, that crimson cheek  
Did tell again the old, old tale,  
And we those few short words did speak  
As softly sighed the ev'ning gale.

And mountains high may intervene—  
No space o'er remembrance sway—  
And seas and oceans roll between,  
And I afar for a many a day;

Yet if I knew that e'er poor thought  
Of him is still bestow'd on me,  
I well could bear what time has brought,  
And breast my fate's adversity.

Farewell! for my sweet dream is o'er;  
And God be with those days and these!  
Send be my prayer, on days of yore,  
Till time shall meet eternity!

**The Bouquet Girl;**

OR,

**HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.**

BY AGILE PENNE,  
AUTHOR OF "ORPHAN NELL," "STRANGE  
STORIES OF MANY LANDS," "THE DE-  
TECTIVE'S WARD," "WOLF OF  
ENHOVEN," ETC., ETC.

**CHAPTER XXVI.**

**ENTRAPPED.**

PROMPTLY on the day appointed, the Italian walked down Broadway to the lawyer's office. A peculiar look of distrust was cast by his dark face; he was not at all ease in his mind; he did not put complete confidence in the lawyer and was very much inclined to think that Captain Jack would overreach him if he possibly could. "But he will not do it, diavolo! no!" was the Italian's fierce thought. "I am not a child to be fooled with! And he shall discover that if he tries it. Bah! the game is in my hands; nothing can prevent me from winning, no power above, below or anywhere!"

But, despite this, it was plain the adventurer felt anything but confident. In his heart he was surely afraid the wily lawyer would be able to devise some plan to overreach him, and though he racked his brain to its utmost, he could not see how the thing could be done.

Standing just within the entrance of the palatial pile, where Leinenweber's offices were situated, he rapidly inquired, scanned the battle-ground.

"If he accepts good! I come forward and swear to the identity of the child. If he refuses, good again, for then am I left free to follow my own devices. Against my testimony she can get nothing; will he dare to try that? Bah! no! he would be one great fool for the sake of the little one hundred thousand dollars to attempt to defy me. Diavolo! I cannot see one weak point in the whole case. Oh, no! he will not dare! he will yield! he will say, politely, 'My dear friend, rest tranquill! here is the one hundred thousand dollars; we want your testimony; not for ten times one hundred thousand dollars will we make an enemy of you! The matter is settled.'

With a glad smile of his hand, at this happy conclusion, he stepped into the elevator and was rapidly borne skyward; and with a jaunty step and a face full of confidence, he marched into the lawyer's apartment.

Captain Jack, as usual, was at leisure; the man never seemed to have anything else to do but to read newspapers. The Modoc of the law always did his work during the night hours; like the beasts of prey, whom he resembled so much, by day he rested and by night he thrived.

He glanced up carelessly from his newspaper as the Italian entered, nodded and waved his hand toward a chair.

"Help yourself to a seat," he said; "the party hasn't arrived yet, but I expect him every minute."

The Italian had bowed in the dignified and elaborate manner peculiar to him upon entering the room, and after gathering the purport of the lawyer's speech, had bowed again, and proceeded to occupy the chair.

Captain Jack resumed the perusal of his paper and the Italian sat in silence, watching the gradual progress of the sunbeams advancing over the carpet, and ever and anon turning his eyes impatiently upon the face of the timepiece upon the mantle.

Twenty minutes passed—twenty minutes which seemed to the impatient Italian almost like so many hours. No sound broke the stillness which reigned with the exception but the ticking of the clock and the rustling of the lawyer's speech, had bowed again, and proceeded to occupy the chair.

"How think you?" he exclaimed, abruptly; "will he no come soon?"

"Oh, yes, he ought to have been here an hour ago," Captain Jack responded, just glancing up from his paper and immediately again resuming his reading.

The Italian drummed upon his knee for a few minutes with his long, skinny fingers, his dark face darker than ever; he was more uneasy in mind than even his nervous nature expressed.

Ten minutes more passed; the lawyer, busy with his news, had never so much as cast a glance at his visitor. His visitor could restrain his impatience no longer.

"This gentleman—how do you call him? He will not come, I fear."

"Oh, yes, he'll come," the lawyer replied, carelessly; "no fear of that, although he ought to have been here an hour ago. He must have been detained. He is generally full of business and probably something of importance has occurred to delay him." And again Captain Jack turned to the newspaper, but the Italian could keep quiet no longer.

"Hah! I exclaimed, abruptly; "how you call this gentleman you expect, eh?"

"Taxwill's mother," Taxwill; he is one of the executors of the estate."

"And why must I see him, eh?" The adventurer was suspicious.

"Simply because he holds the purse-strings; I couldn't give you a cent in the premises, without he was willing, no matter how important I thought the matter was."

The Italian stared blankly at the wall before him for a few moments; it was plain that he did not like the idea of conferring with this stranger, who, apparently, set little importance upon the appointment.

"Hah! I do not like it!" he cried, abruptly, for the suspicious soul of the adventurer now scented danger. "Why should I wait for this man who no hurried himself to see me, eh?" was the decidedly caustic reminder.

"Does he know the business upon which I come?"

"Oh, yes, I wrote him that you said you had

some important evidence in regard to this lost heir. And yet he no come?" the adventurer demanded, in wonder.

"Why, to fact of the matter is, he don't care two cents about the heir either one way or the other," the captain explained. "He'd be glad to get the whole matter off his mind; it's only a feather."

"I shall not wait!" the Italian cried, jumping to his feet. "Diavolo! what have I to do with this man at all?"

"Haven't I told you that he has the entire control of the estate?"

"Yes, but what is that to me? It is not with ze estate that I would deal; it is with ze heir; she is the one that must pay me my hundred thousand dollars; with me she will get ze property without me she will get nothing; do not see and the Italian's energetic manner was particularly evident.

"Yes, but this gentleman has a most decided interest in the heir," the lawyer explained.

"He is very anxious to have her get possession of the property, for then his responsibility will be ended. He is fully convinced that she is Francesca Vendotena, and will leave no means untried to prove it."

"I will not wait longer!" hissed the Italian, who now felt that he was in danger; some subtle instinct within his frame warned him that he was about to lose the game.

"Oh, you had better wait."

"No, no, I will not!"

"Well, write what you will do, then," he suggested.

"Oh, no, reported the adventurer, "me no write! me no write better. You write—write what you like! You catch me in a trap!"

"Aha! you're a cool hand—an old bird, eh!" laughed Captain Jack. "I fancy that a man must get up precious early to catch you uping!"

The Italian grinned; even a rogue is not averse to flattery.

"Well, I'll just make a memorandum; that won't commit you, know."

"Oh, yes, I know," assented the schemer.

The lawyer produced memorandum-book and pencil, and proceeded to write:

"For the sum of one hundred thousand dollars to cash in hand paid, you will agree to come forward and swear that this Bouquet Girl is the lost heiress, Francesca Vendotena."

"Yes, that is correct; for one hundred thousand dollars I will swear that she is the heir."

"If the one hundred thousand dollars is refused?"

"If ze money is refused, then in ze open court will I rise up when you present ze girl and I will say, 'Most noble judge, you are a-deceived, this girl is an impostor!'"

"That is, if we pay you the money, you will swear on our side, and if we don't, you will go against us."

"That is it! You pay me, I am for you; you no pay, I am against you!"

The lawyer had apparently been noting this all down, but in reality not a stroke had he made. When the Italian finished, Captain Jack raised his head and called out:

"Have you got it all down, Mr. Thomas?"

And then the glass door behind the lawyer swung open and revealed that there had been two witnesses to this scene.

**CHAPTER XXVII.**

**IMPORTANT INFORMATION.**

DREARY enough is the approach to the little New Jersey settlement known as Branchburg, coming at it from Long Branch.

And the worthy private detective, tramping along through the hot sand in the full glare of the noonday sun, mentally wondered what could induce any one to live in such a region who could possibly live anywhere else.

The road grew narrower and narrower, becoming at last only a cow-track through the scrubby fir trees, and the wild vines, the sole product of the barren soil.

"I must have taken a wrong turn somewhere," the detective muttered, "although they told me to go straight on, and straight on I've gone, turning neither to the right nor left, to the best of my knowledge."

But this narrow path through the thick, scrubby timber seemed so unlike a highway that the detective, unused to the sand barrens, "the pines" of south-eastern New Jersey, felt sure that he had made some mistake and got into a wrong road, that is if such a miserable lane could be dignified with the title of road.

Pendalnock had come down from the city that morning and at Long Branch had inquired the way and learned that it was only a short distance had determined to walk over, being remarkably fond of pedestrian exercises, but when he encountered the sand he regretted that he had undertaken the task, and now reluctantly was lost in the wood.

Just as he had made up his mind to go back to the last house which he had passed—for during the last half-hour houses had been few and far between—he heard a dog barking in the wood before him.

"That signifies a human habitation," he mused and so pushed on briskly.

Just around a turn in the road was a little clearing, and in its center a rude, unpainted house more hut than cottage—stood.

One who had to do with "ze town" would have instantly detected from the outward appearance that the owner of the place was no white "truckee," as the small New Jersey farmer generally is, and to the wandering stranger a small sign-board, rudely painted, stuck up on a tree by the roadside, bearing the inscription:

"WASHING & IRONING DONE HERE."

no two of ze letters alike, would have instantly suggested a descendant of Africa's burning clime.

"By Jove! I believe I've struck the place, after all!" Pendalnock exclaimed, as he marched up to the house.

A sneaking "yaller" dog, with open mouth, came rushing out from behind the shanty, seemingly on war intent, but the banditized canine of the detective awed the brute, while the noise attracted the attention of the owner of the shanty and a big, fat colored dame stuck her head out of the door.

"What's de matter wid you, Bosse?" she quiered, and then catching sight of the portly figure of the well-dressed gentleman advancing to the door she was quick to define the situation.

"We don't want anything, boss," she cried with a shake of the head; "fore de Lord, we ain't got no money; we got all we want; we don't know nuffin' bout sewing machines; we can't read, an' you can't sell us nuffin', nowise!"

The detective laughed; he saw that the woman was a character.

"You mistake the nature of my business, madam," he replied, bowing as politely as though he were addressing a duchess. "I have n't anything to sell, but I am in search of a certain party. Can you direct me to the house of Mrs. Leinenweber, Johnson?"

The old woman looked astonished and for a moment she stared, open-mouthed, at the stranger; then suspicion took the place of astonishment.

"What's de matter wid you, Bosse?" she asked.

"I merely wished to procure some information from her, that is all," the detective replied, urbanely; he had a suspicion that the colored dame was the party, for she exactly answered the description that had received.

"Information—bout what, boss? 'Fore de Lord! she dunna anyting 'bout anybody."

"Oh, yes, she knows about this party. It's a young girl who used to live with Mr. Limowell, Miss Frank."

"By golly! I dunno whar she's gone!" the negro declared, abruptly.

"Oh, you are Mrs. Johnson, then?"

"How did you know that, white man?" demanded the dame, rather inclined to be offended.

"Oh, I merely guessed it, that's all. But don't be alarmed about this inquiry. I don't

wish to know where the lady now is; I know all about that. I come on behalf of friends of hers, who wish to learn some of the particulars of her early life."

"And you don't mean nuffin' bad to her?" the colored woman demanded, suspiciously.

"Oh, no; quite the contrary."

"An' you ain't got nuffin' to do wid dat ole scoundrel Linowell?"

"Nothing at all."

"Well, boss, I guess I kin tell you—dat is, ef it's gwine to do de leetle gal any good."

"I have reason to believe that your information will be of a great deal of value to her."

"Say, how did yer know dat I knowed anythin' bout her?" the negro inquired, the thought having, apparently, just occurred to her.

"The lady herself believed that you knew some important facts concerning her."

"Bress de chile! She alters believed dat I brought her to dis yere place, but it wasn't no such thing."

"And will she do to do leetle gal any good?"

"I ain't a-gwine to, any longer. If it will do de leetle gal good to know all 'bout it, I'se glad on it."

"Go ahead, and with your permission I'll just jot the facts down in my book as you relate them," Pendalnock said, producing his memorandum-book and pencil.

"Yes, sah," replied the woman, suddenly.

"Did she say that it was her child?"

"No, boss; she said dat it belonged to her sister. She ken an' stoned wid me, kase I knowed her in de city where we were both servants in da house. After a time she said had to go back to New York, an' wanted me to keep de chile, an' said she'd pay for it, an' she did, for a while, an' den stopped. Well, jest 'bout dat time I had a fud wid a neighbor; she ken dat I had done dis an' trespassed upon my premises, an' calld me a nigger, an' I jest frowed her out an' she went an' swiped my memorandum-book, an' I ain't a-gwine to, any longer. If it will do de leetle gal good to know all 'bout it, I'se glad on it."

"Oh, not at all."

"By golly! I'm yer chick'en, den."

"Who brought the child here?"

"An Irish woman, Biddy Hoolihan."



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**SOON TO BE GIVEN!**

**A New Dramatic Romance,**

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,

VIZ.:

**Margoun, the Strange;**  
OR,  
Gilbert Grayling's Young Wife

In the author's best vein, intense in style, rapidly dramatic in action, and of highly exciting incident, this story will give great pleasure to the large audience of SATURDAY JOURNAL readers. It is of social, domestic and business life in the Great City and on a noble estate in the country; but all this life is subordinate to the greater interest of

**Scheme, Treachery and Tragedy**

that are the moving elements of the story, where property, estate, character and hearts are the high stakes. The fierce vengeance of a vengeful family—the daring scheme of a daring woman—the envy, hatred and malice of a beautiful ingrate—the folly of an old man who weds a young wife—the resolute will and purpose of a young man defrauded of his heritage, and the remarkable devotion of

**MARGOUN, THE STRANGE,**

to his master and friend, all conspire to stamp the story with a vivid and arresting interest.

**Sunshine Papers.**

**Home Again.**

If not from a foreign shore, at least from places that have filled our souls with joy at the mere thought of seeing our friends once more; friends in the shape of familiar rooms, and furniture, and belongings generally, as well as familiar faces.

The glory of the summer has departed; the vacationist and the tourist no longer, with tears in their eyes, beseech pompous hosts for the privilege of stretching their metropolitan limbs upon a settee or a billiard-table; no longer do unprotected females, with some scores of traps, bent on a vacation, humbly present their greenbacks to the man who advertises "Commodious country board" and condescends to allow them a show-room. I've been to churches where everybody turned around to see everybody else as they entered, to see what they had on. I've been to others, where the Queen of England might have entered clad in silver and gold, and a head would be turned. I have my own idea which congregation was ready to sing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

How would the following remark fit some persons' character? "Henry, I am going to church to-day to see what Thompson's wife has on. If I find she's dressed better than I am, I'll never let you rest until you get me something that will eclipse her, or I'll never go to church again." People do give utterance to just such thoughts; and others—just as much to blame—would like to give utterance to them if they only dared to. But, they don't dare to, but they think so, and grow perfectly miserable to themselves and all around them.

What's that you remark? I don't believe in one's following the fashion—that I want every one to go about looking like a dowdy, as I probably do myself?

Let us see. Isn't there a medium in all things? can't one "follow the fashion" without running away ahead of it or lagging three miles behind it? There are extremes to every case and these extremes are what cause the trouble. It is no more appropriate for you to sing a lively ditty at a funeral than it is for you to overdress your self at church. I don't hear so much concerning this matter in other countries, but, maybe, they haven't an Eve Lawless to note and comment on their actions. "For which they have much to be thankful," you add. I sincerely agree with you there!

# THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

## Topics of the Time.

The rice crop of Louisiana increased from 20,000 barrels in 1866 to over 175,000 in 1876. The yield for this year estimated by the New Orleans *Democrat* at nearly 170,000 barrels, on a decrease of acreage.

Matches will ignite spontaneously. In one of the largest dry goods stores in Hartford the matches are kept in a stone jar, and twice the contents of the jar have been found consumed by fire. There was no opportunity for rats to get at the matches in this case.

Professor David Swing does not believe in boys furtively playing cards in the woodshed, or behind locked doors, but thinks that the father of the family should put a card-table in the sitting-room and take a hand at whilst with them.

"Each home should have its games as regularly as that is a teacher's work."

B. R. A. Cannot "give reasons;" nor spare the time to correct or indicate defects in contributions. That is a teacher's work.

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**EDDIE G. WILLIS.** Try this method of preserving fruit—Soak the fruit in water, then immediately dip the stems in limpid gum-water. Drain two or three minutes and then arrange in a vase. They will last a long time. The latest method for preserving autumn leaves is to dip them swiftly in fine, white melted wax and immediately after place them in a dark corner.

**YOUNG JACK.** complains that he is getting bald, though he is scarcely thirty, and asks if we know of any remedy. Morning and night plunge the head in cold water, rub well, dry thoroughly, and then brush briskly for some minutes. Do not wear a hat more than an hour. Make a lotion of vinegar and rose-water, an ounce each, and half an ounce of vinegar of cantharides. Rub this upon the scalp frequently, where the hair is thinnest.

**CONSTANT READER.** Auburn, Russia is an autocracy—that is, the czar has absolute authority.

The emperor of Germany has not absolute power.

Autocracy exists in the people holding the nation in prison and master in their hands; hence empire is really a limited monarchy. France is governed by a nondescript—neither emperor, king, nor president; nor has its national assembly any real authority. A great change is impending there—probably through revolution, violence and blood.

**DOMBRY AND SON.** Cider vinegar can only be made from cider. The cider vinegar of the common housewife is usually a decomposed and destructive of all pickles. A cheap and whole-some vinegar may be made of water, molasses and yeast, say twenty-five gallons of water, four of molasses, and one of yeast. When it ferments, white wine vinegar may be made of mashed raisins and water kept in a warm place for a month.

**E. J. N.** Heath before all else. A teacher's work tells on the nervous system severely and that is why so many break down. Ordinary "tonics" do no permanent good where the drain on the nerves is so intense. This is suggested by a physician and proven in the last's own experience, is admirable if the conditions are available. As they are so in your case it would be easy to test the treatment.

**EDWARD B. S.** The best soap to use upon the face is the English brown Windsor; carbolic soap is excellent. Use warm roses or creosote skin. Do not use any powder when you take a bath. Corn-starch perfumed with orris-root, is perfectly harmless.—A man's breath smelling of cloves or coffee-beans is vulgar and suggestive of bad habits. A better perfume is made from chloroform of lime, seven drachms; vanilla sugar three drachms; gum arabic, five drachms. Mix with warm water to a stiff paste, and cut into lozenges.

**Mrs. J. M. WYLIE.** I have been much disappointed in my expectations to take a summer trip; poverty is a hard thing to get rid of so I cannot do the best I can. I have a gentleman friend who is willing to take me on little trips around, a day or two at a time. I'd like dearly to go on these trips, but mother seems to be afraid of it. I'm entirely poorer, though she thinks highly of the place I'm going to do, and says she'd trust a lady with him anywhere. What do you think would be proper for me to stay home or to accept his offer which is very kindly meant? We see no reason why you should not accept his offer, and go on a most delightful trip to pleasant places near home with him. You can at least take long day trips, starting on your tour early and returning in the evening, so avoiding staying from home over night.

**LAURA FAIR.** What is the meaning of the maxim, "Honi soit qui mal y pense?" What language is it? I sat at the meeting of Mizpah, and was harrassed by it; is there anything that will harm eyebrows and lashes without injury? What will cure bunion? Mizpah is a Hebrew word: "Therefore was the Lord angry with me and took me away from absent one from another." Gen. xxxi. 49. Mizpah signifying the sentence italicized, is often used on gifts given by sweethearts.—To color your eyebrows and lashes steel walnut bark, for a week, in clover—will give a very nice transient tint; only delicately with a brush each day.—Turpentine will cure bunions.

**Jess J. M. WYLIE.** asks: "Do you consider Irene a pretty name? What does it mean, and has it any particular nationality? How can I raise hyacinths so that they will bloom indoors? How can brass ornaments be made to bloom?" She was one of the seasons' flowers, and presided over winter. The meaning commonly given to the name is a rainbow.—Put hyacinth bulbs in glasses that come for that purpose and fill glasses with water until it reaches to within one inch of the top. Set them in a dark place where the bulb sprouts and the roots touch the water; then fill up the glasses with water, add a piece of charcoal to each and set on a sunny window ledge to grow. Dissolve two ounces of rock alum in a quart of water. Wash brass ornaments in this, dry and rub with lead and fine tripe.

**CHARON.** September is the month when the collector is for gathering wild cinnamon vine. After gathering your garlands, strip of leaves and fling over pictures, arches, chandeliers, easels, cornices, etc. The delicate little white balls will last throughout the winter months. Berries and bitter-sweet are a touch of fragrance.

The largest wild cinnamon vine can find its way in full flower. Pull out the purple bloom, carefully remove the green calyx, and hang up to dry. They will burst into exquisite, downy white balls that are beautiful for vases, brackets and baskets. Milk-weed pods are gathered with the cinnamon vine and are easily ready for drying. When opened they are charming additions to winter bouquets and trimmings.

Grasses and ferns are available to gather throughout September and October, so long as the frost spares them.

**SWEET NINETEEN.** writes: "I have met several gentlemen that I did not like, and have been in strained circumstances and I've not had much chance to go out, nor to dress, and consequently I've been neglected; so the present don't appear very encouraging to me. My brother is good to me, but somehow he does not notice me, except to keep saying at every day, 'That's all I have to say.' As no question is asked, there is no answer probably is expected, but we venture a few suggestions. Don't put too much stress on dress, and don't put yourself in the background as much as possible, girls do who are neglected.

Be both hopeful and sprightly, and let not the unpleasantness offend your spirits. Enjoy your friends and company when you can, and especially your brother's company; try and make him 'take you,' and we dare say you'll have a happy winter of it."

**Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.**

## Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "The Old Life and the New;" Poems by A. W. B.; "Good-by;" "Won't You Let;" etc.; Schuyler's "Toughs;" "Chased by Liquid Fire;" "A Strange Duel;" "Haunted;" "A Love Letter;" "Sweet By and By;" "Belen Expressman;" "A Lost Hour;" "Past and Present;" "The Sister of Mercy;" "Schools;" "Two Lips (Tulips); " "Santa Maria;" "A Queer Arrangement;" "Mary O'Lally;" "The Tribute Paid."

Authors must give us their own correct name and address as a surety of authenticity. Communications which come in unauthenticated we do not care to receive. A nom de plume may be attached to the contribution, but we must know the author's own name in full, for our own guidance.

J. D. E. Have not the birth records of the persons named. The first two are now in the prime of life.

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**CESAR.** We presume it is true that the Suez canal has lowered the waters of the Mediterranean three and one half inches. As the English Ocean is nearly seven inches higher than the Atlantic an open water-course over the Isthmus of Panama would be a rapid river, and result in seriously affecting the globe's present equilibrium, in time.

**CHEYENNE BOY.** Andrew Jackson was born in South Carolina, March 16, 1767. In 1783 he went to Tennessee. In 1791 he was elected to Congress in 1797 to the Senate. In 1812 he entered the army in the war with Great Britain. He fought the battle of New Orleans January 8, 1815. In 1828 he was elected President, and re-elected in 1832. He died June 8, 1845, aged 78.

**EDDIE G. WILLIS.** Try this method of preserving fruit—Soak the fruit in water, then immediately dip the stems in limpid gum-water. Drain two or three minutes and then arrange in a vase. They will last a long time. The latest method for preserving autumn leaves is to dip them swiftly in fine, white melted wax and immediately after place them in a dark corner.

**YOUNG JACK.** complains that he is getting bald, though he is scarcely thirty, and asks if we know of any remedy. Morning and night plunge the head in cold water, rub well, dry thoroughly, and then brush briskly for some minutes. Do not wear a hat more than an hour. Make a lotion of vinegar and rose-water, an ounce each. When it ferments, white wine vinegar may be made of mashed raisins and water kept in a warm place for a month.

**CONSTANT READER.** Auburn, Russia is an autocracy—that is, the czar has absolute authority. The emperor of Germany has not absolute power. Autocracy exists in the people holding the nation in prison and master in their hands; hence empire is really a limited monarchy. France is governed by a nondescript—neither emperor, king, nor president; nor has its national assembly any real authority. A great change is impending there—probably through revolution, violence and blood.

**DOMBRY AND SON.** Cider vinegar can only be made from cider. The cider vinegar of the common housewife is usually a decomposed and destructive of all pickles. A cheap and whole-some vinegar may be made of water, molasses and yeast, say twenty-five gallons of water, four of molasses, and one of yeast. While it ferments, white wine vinegar may be made of mashed raisins and water kept in a warm place for a month.

**E. J. N.** Heath before all else. A teacher's work tells on the nervous system severely and that is why so many break down. Ordinary "tonics" do no permanent good where the drain on the nerves is so intense. This is suggested by a physician and proven in the last's own experience, is admirable if the conditions are available. As they are so in your case it would be easy to test the treatment.

**EDWARD B. S.** The best soap to use upon the face is the English brown Windsor; carbolic soap is excellent. Use warm roses or creosote skin. Do not use any powder when you take a bath. Corn-starch perfumed with orris-root, is perfectly harmless.—A man's breath smelling of cloves or coffee-beans is vulgar and suggestive of bad habits. A better perfume is made from chloroform of lime, seven drachms; vanilla sugar three drachms; gum arabic, five drachms. Mix with warm water to a stiff paste, and cut into lozenges.

**Mrs. J. M. WYLIE.** I have been much disappointed in my expectations to take a summer trip; poverty is a hard thing to get rid of so I cannot do the best I can. I have a gentleman friend who is willing to take me on little trips around, a day or two at a time. I'd like dearly to go on these trips, but mother seems to be afraid of it. I'm entirely poorer, though she thinks highly of the place I'm going to do, and says she'd trust a lady with him anywhere. What do you think would be proper for me to stay home or to accept his offer which is very kindly meant?

We see no reason why you should not accept his offer and go on a most delightful trip to pleasant places near home with him. You can at least take long day trips, starting on your tour early and returning in the evening, so avoiding staying from home over night.

**LAURA FAIR.** What is the meaning of the maxim, "Honi soit qui mal y pense?" What language is it? I sat at the meeting of Mizpah, and was harrassed by it; is there anything that will harm eyebrows and lashes without injury? What will cure bunion? Mizpah is a Hebrew word: "Therefore was the Lord angry with me and took me away from absent one from another." Gen. xxxi. 49. Mizpah signifying the sentence italicized, is often used on gifts given by sweethearts.—To color your eyebrows and lashes steel walnut bark, for a week, in clover—will give a very nice transient tint.

**Jess J. M. WYLIE.** asks: "Do you consider Irene a pretty name? What does it mean, and has it any particular nationality? How can I raise hyacinths so that they will bloom indoors? How can brass ornaments be made to bloom?" She was one of the seasons' flowers, and presided over winter. The meaning commonly given to the name is a rainbow.—Put hyacinth bulbs in glasses that come for that purpose and fill glasses with water until it reaches to within one inch of the top. Set them in a dark place where the bulb sprouts and the roots touch the water; then fill up the glasses with water, add a piece of charcoal to each and set on a sunny window ledge to grow. Dissolve two ounces of rock alum in a quart of water. Wash brass ornaments in this, dry and rub with lead and fine tripe.

**CHARON.** September is the month when the collector is for gathering wild cinnamon vine. After gathering your garlands, strip of leaves and fling over pictures, arches, chandeliers, easels, cornices, etc. The delicate little white balls will last throughout the winter months. Berries and bitter-sweet are a touch of fragrance.

The largest wild cinnamon vine can find its way in full flower. Pull out the purple bloom, carefully remove the green calyx, and hang

**A CONFESSION.**

BY A. W. BELLAW.

When I left you on the shore  
I kissed you on the cheek,  
And that cheek was flooded o'er  
Till it would not let you speak;  
And the pain that did impel  
Love's latest offered sigh  
Made me say to you "farewell!"  
Then you met me "good-by."  
  
And when far off to go  
The gale blew cheery on,  
And my heart hung mute in me  
And my little purpose gone.  
I watched the blue waves swell  
With a landward drifting eye,  
And I wept for that farewell,  
Whom I had been good-by.  
  
We passed not for long—  
But I thought of what might be—  
Of the things that come in wrong  
And the days we could not see;  
Yet I knew what o'er befell  
That God was always nigh,  
But when I said "farewell!"  
Only meant "good-by!"

**Clyde Clifford's Azaleas.**

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

ISABEL DUNLEATH smiled contentedly back at the beautiful reflection in the glass.

"Oh, how pretty I am! and how glad I am that I am so pretty! What nonsense for people to say girls ought not to know, or care for their beauty—only I do wonder if Mr. Clifford has—has—ever noticed—that I was nice?"

As if Clyde Clifford, or any mortal man could have noticed the girl's sweet bewitching loveliness of face, and perfect grace of manner, and exquisite perfection of form—least of all, Clyde Clifford, with his ardent admiration of women's beauty, his delight in women's society.

He was a handsome fellow himself—a tall, big fellow, with nothing effeminate in manner or appearance, yet instinct with gentle, chivalrous tenderness so far as women were concerned, and as far as Isabel Dunleath was concerned, very friendly, very admiring, very devoted when special occasion conveniently offered, and yet sufficiently reserved to have made the girl value him all the more highly, and esteem him all the more eagerly.

There was a vast difference in their positions socially so far as wealth went, for Miss Dunleath was an heiress of the *creme de la creme* of the aristocracy, the only child of her indulgent, widowed mother, the loving tyrant in her beautiful home; while Clyde Clifford was a musical artist, dependent upon his salary as church organist for his daily bread—and on that salary he bought not only very nice bread, but dressed himself *a la mode*, and wore *bou-tonnieres*, and had a fair amount of pocket-money.

For he was no ordinary musician. He was an artist who could command audiences at so much a head, any time he chose to give a musical rehearsal.

"He was a gentleman by birth and education, fitted to take his position anywhere and grace it well; and yet, there were people in the Dunleaths' set of society, who even while they recognized his admirable qualities, thought it rather presumptive in him to be on such apparently friendly terms with the greatest family among them—the Dunleaths.

Only Isabel, knowing his friendly intercourse with her and her mother was simply friendliness and nothing else, was piqued both at what people said, and at what Mr. Clifford did; for in her very heart of hearts she had come to care more for him than she would have dared tell. Not that she would have let any one, least of all, him, suspect it, of all the world; and yet, womanlike, she made up her mind to give him every chance to win the affections he could easily have had for the asking.

And when Isabel made up her mind to accomplish an object, she usually succeeded. And in this instance, she discovered how exceedingly rusty she was becoming in her music, and how exceedingly natural that she should have Mr. Clyde Clifford give her a friendly, yet professional course of instruction.

It threw them very much together, and the two or three times a week that the two spent their lesson hour together came to be very pleasant to both of them—came to be little bits of Paradise dropped down to the girl who, while she worshiped him gave not the slightest sign, for she was proud and reticent on such a subject, as true girls are.

And Mr. Clifford! Well, it was certainly pleasant to see Isabel's lovely, radiant face and look in her bright blue eyes, and watch her dainty fingers flash over the pearl keys of the Steinway grand. He liked to see the exquisite suppleness and grace of her form, the royal poise of her golden-haired head, the fleeting blushes on her cheeks; and when, almost every day, she gave him some tiny spray of flower—usually a delicate pink azalea, because it was her favorite flower—he would take it and thank her, and look at her a moment with his handsome, expressive eyes, and tenderly, as if he loved the flower for the giver's sake, fasten it in his coat, and then say "Good-morning!" and go away, leaving Isabel in that delightfully ecstatic state of half-positive assurance, half-doubtful uncertainty that never comes so fully as at such times.

Only—there are ever such bitter drops in the sweetest cups—only, the days and weeks passed, and Mr. Clifford said nothing more than all the world might have heard. Yet he wore Isabel's flowers, and continued her lessons, and the girl dreamed alternate dreams of sweet hope and trembling doubt until one day when she drove in her elegant little phaeton down to her dressmaker's.

And then came astonishment, and anger, and jealous pain, and perfect desolation; for, fastened at the snowy lisse ruffe at Bessie Harman's throat, nestled among the glossy, jetty braids of her hair, were azalea flowers—and not only azalea flowers, but the very ones Isabel had cut with her own hand and given to the man she loved.

And Bessie Harman was poor, and a dressmaker, and not even pretty; with her pale, thoughtful face, and large, light eyes, and slim, angular figure.

Poor, and a dressmaker; and homely, and yet—for her, Clyde Clifford had been indifferent to all the attractions Isabel had been offering him.

He loved Bessie Harman, then. And she, beautiful, rich, desirable, was as nothing in his estimation! Then she remembered how he had looked at her, time and again, and she grew fearfully angry. She recalled how those looks had thrilled her very soul, and she became heart-sick with jealous pain, until she so hated the quiet, pallid little woman who was fitting her dress, that the temptation was almost unbearable to strike her down. Instead, she began to probe her own wound.

"What pretty flowers you are wearing," she said, sweetly. "Azaleas, aren't they?"

"Yes, azaleas. Aren't they lovely? I have them quite often, and I think I love them better than any flower that grows."

Isabel almost clenched her fists in Miss Harman's face.

"Perhaps you value them according to the law of association? Possibly for the giver's sake you love them?"

Just a faint crimson crept to Miss Harman's cheeks.

"Well—yes—perhaps. They certainly never would find their way to me unless as a gift, for I could not afford to buy them. As dear gifts from a dearer friend, I certainly appreciate them."

Isabel was settling her hat before the long glass, and she saw the paleness on her face.

"I was just trying to recall where I had seen such pink azaleas. I am almost sure I saw some one—Mr. Remington, Dr. Halland, Mr. Clifford—some gentleman, with them in his buttonhole."

Miss Harman flushed again at mention of the last name; but she answered, very quietly:

"Mr. Clyde Clifford brought them to me; he is very kind."

It went like a dart through Isabel's heart. He had given her gift to another woman—he, the man she had so tried, in her sweet, gracious, womanly way, to win. It touched her with an agony that she could hardly restrain; but, somehow, she managed to get away from the presence of the woman for whom she, in all her glory, and flush of budding womanhood, in all her royal dawn of grace and beauty, was accounted an air in the balance—somehow she got away from the hateful sight of the pink azaleas without giving a sign of what had happened to her.

She realized at once what a terrible thing had happened. How that, at one sudden blow, hope and confidence and joy had gone out of her young life, and bitter woe and the misery of desolation had usurped their places. She realized, so keenly, what a sunshine in the path Clyde Clifford had been; and now, how alarmingly sudden the blackness of darkness had spread over everything.

But yet, could she justly censure him? True, he had taken her flowers; but could he be refused? True, he had looked very kindly upon her, but had not other men?

He had said no word, made no especial sign; it was she, poor foolish, silly creature, that had brought it upon herself, and she only had the pain of punishment to bear.

After that Mrs. Dunleath took it suddenly in her head that she and Isabel must go abroad.

Of course that abruptly broke off everything—lessons, interviews, everything, between Isabel and Mr. Clifford, and she said her adieus as calmly as if nothing had ever happened her—only suffering one sharp glance of indignation and contempt to dart into her eyes at the very last moment, when, as he took her passive hand to say good-bye, he gently pressed it, as he looked at her with one of those deep, earnest looks that once had been such pleasure to her meet.

Instantly he released her hand. Immediately he took his leave, and the separation began that lasted two years. And then the Dunleaths, away off in sunny-skied Italy, heard the news, months after it happened, that Miss Harman, the plain little dressmaker, and Clyde Clifford, were married, and the pair had left the town, to take up their abode elsewhere.

It hurt Isabel more than she had imagined it possible a wound inflicted by human hands could have hurt. She thought of it continually, until, with the full realization that the one man she had loved was absolutely lost to her forever, Isabel learned that she had passed the possibility of ever creating a fancy for another, until she knew that she had secretly hoped against hope all those months, secretly temporized with pride and indignation and jealousy, only to learn, at the very last, that which she had known at the first, that Clyde Clifford had never cared for her the value of a straw—as love was estimated.

It was a year after the positive news of Mr. Clifford's marriage before Mrs. Dunleath saw fit to set her face homeward by such slow, easy changes that it was nearly six months later when, stepping off the cars that had brought them to their quiet village home, Isabel and Clyde Clifford came directly upon each other.

He was handsome, indifferently graceful as ever, as he bowed and gave her his hand.

"Miss Dunleath! This is most unexpected and delightful pleasure!"

And Isabel smiled, and let her hand rest in his just long enough to convince him, if conviction he needed, that they met entirely as indifferent, pleasant acquaintances meet—just long enough to convince herself that they had met—a renewal of her old woe.

But not a sign escaped her, not the faintest, smallest sign.

"A very unexpected pleasure, Mr. Clifford. We had heard you were not living here any longer."

He looked somewhat surprised.

"Not living here? I cannot imagine how you could have been told that—Oh! perhaps it was my cousin, and namesake, who was married lately to Miss Harman, to whom reference was made."

Earth, sky, railroad train and people suddenly seemed to begin the most insane dance around her. Her mother, fully acquainted with all her girl's hopes and fears, came quickly to the rescue.

"Let me escort you to your carriage, ladies. I have a word to say, if you will permit me."

And then he told Mrs. Dunleath and Isabel how he had always loved Isabel, how he had never been sufficiently sure of her feelings to venture to declare his own, and how, when, almost in desperation, at the very last moment of their stay at home, he had resolved to confess all to Isabel, her contemptuous coldness and sarcasm of indifference froze him, and piqued him, and he let her go her way in ignorance. He told them how he had tried to conquer her love for her; how he had stubbornly determined to succeed, and—here was a specimen of his success.

And with Mrs. Dunleath smiling at him through her glad tears at the happiness that had come to her child, Clyde Clifford took Isabel to his heart and kissed her, his very own.

"But—the azaleas! Oh, Clyde, when I remember how you gave my flowers to—"

He laid his hand lightly over her mouth.

"Hush, Isabel! You must remember there are other azaleas than yours—those you saw never came from me, or you. My cousin Clyde fancied them because I loved them so, and whenever he came from the city he brought them for his betrothed. My darling, every flower you ever gave me I have carefully

kept, and some day, when jealousy and distrust and pain have given place to perfect trust and happiness and love, I will show you my faded love-gauges."

**LOOK AT HOME.**

Should you feel inclined to censure  
Faults you may in others view,  
Ask your own heart, are you venture,  
If that not failings, too.

Let not friendly woes be broken,  
Rather strive a friend to gain;  
Many a word in anger spoken  
Find its passage back again.

Do not, then, in idle pleasure,  
Trifle with a brother's fame;  
Guard it as a valued treasure,  
Sacrifice your own name.

Do not, forsooth, join blindly.  
Hastiness to trouble tends;  
Those of whom we've thought unkindly  
Oft become our warmest friends.

**The Bitter Secret;**

OR,

**THE HEART OF GOLD.**

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XV.

AT LAST.

MR. PRICE, brimming over with importance, turned eagerly to Monica. She was looking after her father with an expression of utter despair.

"You could not have chosen a more fatal moment to interrupt my interview with Mr. Derwent," said she distractively.

"Eh? What? I hope, madam, I haven't been so internally unlucky as to spoil the game?" returned the lawyer, his mind full of the monetary aspect of the case.

She made an impatient gesture, and turned away. What had she in common with this man? But he had not expended his hundred dollars to cross the ocean, to be ignored in this manner.

"By the signs, I perceive that as yet you have not been able to prove to your father your relationship," he blandly began. She flashed upon him with sudden wild anger.

"Wretch!" she cried, "there is nothing in the world for you but money! Go away, you enrage me with your paltry plots and counterplots; while—oh, good God! he is doomed!" She broke off here. What was the use of telling this base grub the terror that was upon her?

Mr. Price stared hard at her; of course he was all abroad with regard to the actual state of matters; he thought this high-stomached young lady was writhing under the affronts put upon her by her own father, who would not receive her as his child; "and no wonder," thought Mr. Price, "the infatuated girl has not the facts to show, which would bring the proud Mr. Derwent very near the child of his martyred Ada." He gently placed himself in the white skin, and the few drops of dark, geld-looking gore which trickled reluctantly from them; and then, though the beads of sweat oozed out on her dead-white face, and her eyes glared in her head with horror and disgust, she stooped her velvet sweet mouth to the hideous wound, and began to suck it.

And thus she was employed when Geoffrey Kilmyre came crashing through the underworld, calling loudly:

"Who is in trouble? Where are you?"

And seeing the strange tableau, he came to a dead stand over it, gazing in unutterable amazement, as if he could never gaze his fill.

business! I tell you, you are laughably obstinate! You may prove your relationship to the deceased Mrs. Derwent, but we only can prove your relationship to Mr. Otto Derwent. That secret is ours, and we mean to sell it to the highest bidder. If you will not treat with us for it, Mr. Otto Derwent will. Do you fully comprehend that?"

With a glance of utter disdain, Monica turned from him and walked away further into the room.

"There goes a fool!" laughed the young sharper bitterly. "Did lunatic ever deserve a strait-jacket more? Very good; since she won't let me espouse her cause I shall espouse my own. And now to discover who will pay most for this secret of ours, the father himself, or his expectant heirs, the two Marshalls. Humpf! I fancy I can manipulate them to some solid advantage. Meantime let her look out! No use for her to claim relationship now! I am ready to prove her an impostor. Ha! ha! ha! I think I can be even with you yet, Miss Monica Derwent!"

Monica hurried to rejoin her father; her fears for him ever rising above all thoughts of self, and driving her perforce to watch by him; she was stunned by the fresh complications of her lot, and as yet knew not how to arrange her future course; all she could do at present was to hasten back to guard him by her presence, if he would not take her warnings and guard his father.

She found Mr. Derwent very near the spot where he had left her, no one by him but Gavaine Marshall. As the two men saw her approach, a singular expression crossed each face, Gavaine looking unaccountably startled by her appearance on the scene, and anger, perplexity, contempt, all blending in the seething glance. Mr. Derwent flung toward her; which he pointed ruthlessly by assuming an ostentatious air of confidence toward the young man. Yet Monica advanced fearlessly; very pale and earnest she looked, and so dignified in her mien that for all his distrust he could not ignore her as he would have ignored any other intruder.

"You have still added wonders to disclose?" cried he, dismally.

She stepped in front of him, and her truthful eyes looked straight into his.

"For God's sake, believe what I have told you," she said.

"I will, when you have explained who and what you are, and your motive in coming here," he retorted.

She was silent; an iron hand seemed to be crushing her heart.

If she had dared to prove to him her relationship to him, would he not listen to her then?

And she dared not do it, until she could explain away the miserable secret which had estranged him from her mother.

Had she done well in refusing to buy this secret of the lawyer at any price? This secret which would have given her the power to save her father?

And again—could she ever have expected a proud nature like his to receive with honor or respect one who had presumed to count upon his wealth beforehand?

As she stood there, racked by these conflicting thoughts, her eyes fixed in sorrowful anguish upon her doomed father's, and her hands unconsciously pressing her aching heart, the patterning and whimpering she had heard before came close; a great tawny deerhound ran into the middle of the group, his eyes red and gleaming, his tongue hanging smoking from his slavering jaws, and white foam-flecks spattered over his sinewy chest.

There was something so unusual about the appearance of the animal to the practiced eye of Mr. Derwent that he uttered a low shocked cry, and involuntarily seizing Monica by the arm, whirled her behind him. At the same moment a wild yell came from the copse, and with the agility of an ape Gavaine Marshall swung himself into the branches of the tree under which they had been standing; and was scarcely settled about six feet from the ground when he unsheathed his hunting-knife, aimed, and hurled it at the dog.

It pierced one of his ears, and stuck there, the dark blood dyeing his delicate fawn-color in an instant, and a howl and frantic bound in the air attesting to his pain and terror.

The event of the next few seconds passed like a flash; Monica at the time did not even comprehend it; it took her anxious piecing together of the various features of the scene after all was past to give her the whole matter coherently.

This is what happened in the space of, say, six seconds:</p

she turned her dazed and swimming eyes up to see who he was who hurried her away with such brutal violence; and seeing a pair of gleaming, hollow black eyes peering back at her, a large pale, lipless mouth, turned down at the corners, skin harsh and yellow as ancient parchment, and withered into multifiduous, grim wrinkles, about the bony brow and flabby eyelids; a nose long, crooked, and poking hoily toward the sharp and pointed chin, with its one long, glossy, goat-like lock of dyed hair worn *a la Imperial*, and the whole ugly mask surmounted by a grotesque faded black-velvet skull-cap—a recollection of the poisoner, Vulpino, burst upon her quailing senses, and so completely overcame her that she sunk at his feet, *play fœ*, unconscious.

Alas, poor soul, she only awoke from that trance of horror to find herself caged; helpless to guard her father or to rescue herself from the unknown dangers which beset her.

She was lying, still wearing Miss Montacute's riding-habit, upon a bed in a low-ceiled, whitewashed room; by the sail on the floor, and the unpainted woodwork, the tiny windows and the white dial-chairs, as well as the blue, rough homespun coverlet on the chintz-curtained bed, and the monstrous stucco cat and dog on the wooden shelf over the open fireplace, she perceived that she had been conveyed to some humble cottage, and left to recover herself as she might, unassisted.

For a time she could only look about her with a faint, half-dazed sense of fear and weakness; the terrible scene through which she had passed seemed to have given her a nervous shock which both stunned her faculties and drained the strength out of her vigorous young frame; the humble features of her surroundings were swimming vaguely before her heavy eyes, and the very sky, which she could catch one grudging glimpse of through a crack at the side of the dingy cotton shade which was drawn down over the window at her side, seemed strangely unfamiliar to her; she perceived that she had been trying his arts upon me. I have been kept unconscious with opiates long enough for my body to lose flesh and my strength to ooze away; and in that time what may not have befallen my poor father? It cannot be chance that has raised me at last; they have caused to drug me, and let me wake to consciousness again, *why?* Because all is over, and they need fear me no longer! Oh God! spare him—spare him!

Presently, having collected her thoughts, and recalled the last act of the awful drama of the day, with the curtain falling on the senseless body of her father, surrounded by his bewildered guests, and Geoffrey Kilmyn de-nouncing the Marshall brothers upon her accusation, they fiercely defending themselves, and she being dragged away by the uncanny foreigner who could be none but Vulpino, the Italian poisoner, she raised herself, not without a strange racking in all her bones, upon her elbow, and resting her giddy head against the worm-eaten board at the head of her bed, looked anxiously around her chamber.

A shabby little spindle-legged table stood beside her, and upon it she perceived some empty dishes of coarse blue willow-pattern, such as are used in the cottages of the very poor; a vial or two holding the dark remains of some strong-smelling medicine, and—strange accompaniment to these—a short, stumpy clay pipe, filled with cold black ashes.

She sat up still further, peering with loudly-beating heart narrowly around for some human presence, and listening with bated breath for some sound, but she was entirely alone, and the only sound she heard was the loud, slow ticking of a clock outside her door; not another breath whispered to assure her that life was near.

Feeling strangely apathetic, and as if, having scaled the topmost heights of personal terror, she could never fear again, she soon dragged herself out of bed, and crawled, on trembling limbs, and with feeble hands holding on to chairs and table by the way, to the near window; she rolled up the cotton shade, which was unfurnished with roller or cord, and laid it flat, with cold black ashes.

The scene was entirely new to her; in all her rambles about Dornoch, (and she had pretty well investigated that locality within ten miles of the hamlet, on every side,) she had never seen a landscape of this character.

A waste of flat barrens seemed to spread its dark turf as far as the eye could reach from every side, unbroken save by waving wildernesses of ferns growing rank, and tall, and black, lifeless pools between, a sheeted silvery mist rising like ghostly smoke from the unwholesome fens, and stealing about the cottage with a dank, death odor, that penetrated through the chinks of the ill-fitting sash and mingled with the thick, medicinal, ether-like atmosphere of the room. A high stone wall, in tolerable repair, and carefully garnished with broken glass on the wedge-shaped top, ran round the house as far as she could see, its top reaching almost to a level with the window-sill at which she stood, and in the ten-foot space of rough straggling grass between its base and the house wall, she could see, in spite of the dark shadows which filled the inclosure, a something black and serpentine, trailing its sinuous way out and in on the ground, and disappearing round the near corner. She knew it for a ponderous chain; it was neither rusty nor the paint wore off, and the grass was scarcely trodden upon which it straddled; it gave her a cold thrill of vague fear, although she guessed it must be only a watch-dog's chain, and that the kennel must be round the corner.

Having made all these discoveries, Monica next examined her prison. She tried to raise either of the two small fly-blown window-sashes, but found them rudely yet securely nailed down; no patent lock or catch was there that clever fingers might pick, but strong uncompromising spikes, driven home to the very heads by some brutal fist, and not to be drawn except by force as great, aided by the appropriate tools; the door, a rudely fashioned primitive affair of tough oak, was locked, and the key left sticking in it outside, and obstructing her view of the passage beyond; her scrutiny of the walls revealed nothing but solid lath and plaster unbroken by panel or secret door; the ceiling sloped like that of any cottage attic, the eaves cutting aslant the head room of an otherwise spacious enough apartment.

She found no closet, no press-room, nothing available for concealment or escape out of those four inexorable walls; the bed she discovered to be clamped down to the floor by a curious arrangement of iron braces and stout screws, and when she had swept away the thick white sand which almost obliterated all the cracks between the boards, she found to her amazement, and unutterable dismay, that the square upon which the bed stood was an independent piece of boarding, raised a quarter of an inch higher than the rest of the floor; and whether the main floor ran under this sister-looking platform or not, she could not see; but with a dread shiver running through all her bones she whispered to herself, "What stories I have read of beds being lowered into horrible pits, and sleepers being cast out of them to appear no more above the face of the earth! And the mechanism of the trap was always like this!"

Stripping back the faded and musty chintz hangings of the bed, she examined the tall posts as closely as she could in the waning light, when midnight came—a cold, rainy midnight, without a star in the sky, or one gleam of the shrouded moon—crouching by the window, from which she had, in her frenzy, dashed out several panes, that she might at least breathe the air of heaven, she heard the stealthy fall of a horse's hoofs on the springy turf; presently the scroop of rusty hinges as some gateway creaked open; the bellowing barks of recognition and welcome of the hound, and the sound of his clumsy jumplings and gambolings; some one was in the narrow court beneath her windows, sitting quite still on tall white horse, and the faint outline of his upturned face faintly visible in the gloom. Her jailor had come at last, either to dispatch or succor her.

For a moment a wild thanksgiving rose in her soul. Anything rather than be left to perish alone! But, this over, she could not but quail and freeze with a nameless dread, as she gradually recognized through the gloom the

sinister form and face of Vulpino, the poisoner.

What mercy was it likely he would show her, the professional murderer, the monster in human shape, who had sent many a helpless soul into eternity for gold, and who had made his boast that he was "*always successful*," and "*never detected*?"

So, instead of calling him wildly to come and let her out, or at least to tell her about her father, or mercifully to throw her to the smallest, steepest crust, to ease the excruciating cravings of her famished stomach, she cowered back from the sash, and waited in breathless apprehension for him to enter and come to her room.

She heard him dismount from his horse so softly as scarce to jingle the stirrups; then a sound of snuffing and capering among the grass, the watch-dog welcoming him joyfully; then he seemed to be patting the dog's browny body, and to be muttering some guttural foreign endearments; then a noise of snapping jaws and snarling.

He was feeding the dog; and at that portion of the ceremonies the famished captive crept back to the broken wind-sash, and peered wistfully down, almost ready to implore her captor for one mouthful, yet shrunk back out of sight again when the ill-omened bony visage turned warily upward, and the ugly Italian listened for her movements; then she heard the mingled sounds of his and his horse's steps passing round the cottage—to the door, she hoped and also feared; and then, while she was gathering all the pride and courage of her still dauntless soul to confront the villain worthily of her breed and his deserts, once more came the *scroop* of rusty hinges, the clang of a gate, the stealthy fall of horse's feet over springy heath—Vulpino was gone!

As this terrible fact broke upon the starving creature, a wild, thrilling gush of anguish poured from her gasping heart, and the rider set off at a mad gallop to escape that fearful cry.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 389.)

grey flush which suffused the Californian's face, he poured out a brimming glass of liquor and drained it at a breath. Not until then did he speak.

"Did you see that—that thing? Did you recognize its face?" he asked, with forced calmness.

"I saw—something," slowly responded Don Estevan. "A man, I suppose, though it looked more like some wild beast. Who do you think it was?"

"Nobady you know," rudely replied the outlaw, pouring out a second glass, with an unsteady hand. "Probably some one who mistook his man."

"I suppose so," drawled the Californian.

"Of course you have never made an enemy desperate enough to run such a risk for revenge."

Fieri Fred turned quickly, his eyes flashing hotly, but the speaker was carefully rolling up a cigarette, his gaze looking down and candid as one who never dealt in equivokes.

"Whether I have or not is no concern of yours," he snarled. "And now—my horse. If we are to carry out that precious plan of yours, I must be riding."

"You will find your animal at home before you, I suspect," said Don Estevan, arising. "I was so deeply concerned about you that I never gave one thought to it. However, that makes little difference. You know that whatever is mine is yours as well. But are you able to ride?"

"Bahi! a flea-bite only," laughed the outlaw, on whom the heavy draughts of strong drink were beginning to have their natural effect.

"Order me a horse, and remember that I will be ready to carry out my part of the work whenever you give the signal."

"I have sent some of my men after that fellow, and have hopes they will bring him in. If they succeed, and he is alive, what shall I do with him?"

"Hold him safe until I can see him," said Fieri Fred, after a moment's hesitation.

"If he is such a prodigy, wouldn't it be better for you to wait until day—*at least* allow me to send a couple of fellows with you?" inquired Don Estevan, with real solicitude; but Fieri Fred laughed derisively, as they left the room.

"Never you fear but I'll live long enough to do your work, and after that I'm not fool enough to think you care a curse what becomes of me."

Don Estevan made no reply, seeing that the outlaw was in a prima condition for picking a quarrel at the slightest excuse, and he was not ready for that yet. He offered a horse to be saddled, and when it was brought around, secretly ordered the man to follow as close behind the outlaw as possible without letting him suspect the fact, and to stand ready to aid him in case of danger.

Fieri Fred sprang into the saddle and rode rapidly away, as though never in better bodily condition, though any ordinary man would have been flat on his back under a less severe injury. The strong liquor filled his brain, and he urged his panting mustang on over the rough trail at a speed that quickly distanced the man dispatched by Don Estevan as a guardian angel. Seemingly he had entirely forgotten the fact that his well-nigh murderer was still afoot in the neighborhood, for he looked neither to the right nor left, but spurred on toward the den where his Night Riders found secure refuge, nor did he notice the sharp challenge from the niche he drove recalled his mind.

He promptly gave the password, and descended at the head of the trail. Climbing up the steep incline, he entered the cavern, took the short but dangerous passage which led into the main chamber easily as though the darkness were noonday. He found the men were most of them sleeping, lying around the rocky floor in admirable confusion, the main cause of which might be derived from the quantity of rude cups and flasks, now empty, but still diffusing a powerful odor of strong if bad liquor.

Fieri Fred paid them but a passing glance of careless contempt, then passed on through a winding passage which terminated in a small, nearly circular chamber, secured by a stout, iron-studded door, and the interior of which was quite comfortably furnished. A little cry of surprise broke from his lips as he saw that the couch or pallet of furs and blankets was unoccupied, and he called aloud the name of Paquita, the dull echoes alone answering him.

For a moment he stood like one dazed, but then a low laugh parted his lips, with a little curse at his forgetfulness.

"Of course that's it," he muttered, with an air of relief. "She's gone to pump that rascal, as I bade her. What a fool I'm growing! For a moment I would have sworn he had been here!"

Yet the suspicion had evidently shaken him, for he caught up a brandy-flask and drank long and deeply.

Then he left the chamber, and lamp in hand, passed along through the tunnel which led to the "dark cell," where he expected to find the woman Paquita.

He paused at the entrance, holding the lamp high over his head. Then he staggered back with a low cry of horror.

He saw that Gospel George was gone—that in his stead lay the young woman, silent and motionless at death. He believed it was death and his heart felt a sharp pang of grief such as he believed it to experience, as he sprang forward and knelt beside her.

Then, for the first time, he saw that she was bound and gagged. She was nearly black in the face from suffocation, and in a few minutes more would indeed have been dead. With an angry snarl he removed the cords and tore the close-fitting gag from between her distended jaws. Then he rushed back to the little chamber and returned with a flask of brandy. Pouring some of the liquor in his hand he dashed it madly into her face, pouring a quantity between her livid lips. To his great delight it was swallowed, though with evident difficulty. Encouraged, he repeated the application, and a moment later the large eyes opened with a long sigh.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed fervently. "I thought you were dead, Paquita! But what has happened—where is Gospel George, and how came you here, bound and—"

At that instant there came to his ears two pistol-shots, mingling with a wild, unearthly yell, full of the bitterest agony—then all was silent as the grave.

CHAPTER XIV.

THROUGH THE TOILLS.

JESUITA.

WAS IT?

Cool, quick-witted and ready to act as Don Estevan de Mendoza undoubtedly was, the wild-faced assassin had dealt his blow and then vanished, with a weird, unearthly cry of triumph, before the Californian could move a finger to arrest him. But then, as he saw the figure of his master and all lying prone at his feet, bleeding and aching, he sprang into life and action. Loudly calling several of his peasants and dependents by name, he bade them take the trail of the assassin, nor leave it until he had effected his capture, dead or alive, enforcing all with a volley of curses so deep and bitter that not one of the trailers but breathed more freely when once beyond reach of his heavy hand.

Then Don Estevan turned to the prostrate outlaw, stooping low over him with undisguised anxiety. The face was covered with blood, the eyes only half open, but with a look of wild surprise or horror frozen in them.

The Californian carefully probed the wound with his forefinger, and an exclamation of intense gratification parted his lips as he found that the bullet had simply plowed its way beneath the scalp, following the shape of the skull and finally emerging near its base. He felt almost assured that Fieri Fred was no more than temporarily stunned, as he could detect no sign of the skull being fractured. Raising the body by his arms, Don Estevan lowered his head through the court-yard and into the stable, finally pausing at the door of the room where he had come to an agreement with Fieri Fred but a few minutes before. Turning to the trembling old man who opened the door for him, he said,

"Go send old Jesuita here—bid her bring balsams and bandages for a wounded man. And see that plenty of blankets are brought in haste!"

Right willingly the old man trotted away upon his errand, while Don Estevan lowered his head gently to the floor, while impatiently awaiting the aid he had summoned.

Not that there was any love lost between the two, the avowed and the secret robbers. One week earlier, and Don Estevan would have greeted the treacherous shot as a lucky windfall, would not have deemed it worth while sending in pursuit of the assassin, and, though he would scarcely have allowed the outlaw to remain where he fell, to die or to recover as the fates dictated, he certainly would not have soiled his own hand and exposed his trusted confederate. Deep down in his heart he hated and feared this man, and a thousand times he had almost nerve his hand to settle all accounts between them with one good, downright stroke of a knife, or a deftly-planted lead. But now: he was in a precarious situation, and relied upon Fieri Fred and his unscrupulous Night Riders to rescue him. To this, then, the reader will please ascribe his anger.

Jesuita—a withered, hideous old crone—soon appeared, bearing all the implements of her craft; for she was nurse, surgeon and apothecary in one, for the hacienda and its belongings.

She cut little time to waste. She saw what was expected of her and without a word performed it. Rapidly clipping away the hair, she washed the face, then dressed it with a kind of dark, pungent-smelling ointment. Whatever this was, it acted like magic upon the patient who aroused from his stupor, with a moan of pain. Coolly Jesuita held down his hands, which were tremulous as though to tear away the stinging ointment until she could place herself astride his person, kneeling upon his arms and holding his head firmly in her lap until the bandage was applied to her satisfaction. By this time, too, Fieri Fred had regained his senses sufficiently to realize that she was working for his good, and so bore her unceremonious treatment with a patience marvelous in one of his temperament.

Her ministrations ended, Jesuita arose and left the room in silence. Don Estevan stooped and lent a hand to the outlaw chief to assist him in rising. But, though his limbs trembled beneath the weight of his body, Fieri Fred refused his aid, and, paying no attention to the an-

cient when so much necessarily had to be left to chance.

As noiselessly as possible he propped the dead sentinel against the wall, himself crouching close beside the body. While thus屏息, his hand came in contact with the outlaw's belt, and with a thrill of delight he found that it reported a brace of heavy revolvers and a Bowie-knife. It was but the work of a moment to transfer these weapons to his own person, and now, thoroughly armed, he felt his usual confidence fully restored.

"Hollow, in thar!" cried an impatient voice from without. "What kind o' camp you call this, anyv'y?"

Gospel George waited until the echoes died away, then gave a long, gurgling breath like that of one sleeping in an uncomfortable position. The ruse was successful, as a low laugh from without assured him.

"Suzooz, by thunder! Ef the boss could only come, see the nice cuss, now!"

"Who is it, see? Shell I rout 'em out with a domnick?" asked the voice.

"Not yet; le's find out what it is, just. Ef it's either o' them fellers why, we kin crowd 'em an' set the boss or Devil's Dan onto his shoulders. That'd save us a heap of trouble."

"An' spose he wakes up just in time to let daylight through us? That wouldn't be so nice, would it?"

"You kin go 'round, ef you're skeered. I'm goin' in this way or bu' somethin'."

Gospel George easily overheard this conversation, with sensations which may be imagined. He knew that the moment of action was at hand, and that to hesitate meant ruin. If the outlaws were permitted to pass him, they would then have the advantage of position which he now had.

He saw a shaggy head raise itself above the platform of rock and peer keenly into the tunnel, but he knew that evenight could avail little from there. He uttered another long, rumbling snore, and under it, over he suddenly took one of the revolvers taken from the dead sentinel without giving the alarm. And then he breathed on, steadily, like one soundly sleeping.

A second head made its appearance beside the first, and then the twain cautiously advanced until both figures were distinctly visible to the ambushed hunter. Confident in his screen of darkness, Gospel George made no motion until the leading outlaw was within two yards of his position, then he raised his pistol and fired, point-blank, springing erect at the same instant.

No surprise could be more perfect. Death-stricken, his face horribly mangled by the bullet, the leading ruffian fell heavily back, without a groan. The other man was not allowed time to recover from his surprise. Again the outlaw never spoke, though with less certain effect, as the terrified outlaw turned to flee at the same instant. Hand-to-hand, he plunged headlong, uttering a yell of agony. And then

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ay hand though he felt assured that they were to play a prominent part in the coming drama.

He saw the Indian surround the headlong charge; and then he saw the Night Riders cover and rush down and through the stream, holding their weapons high above their heads; he saw Fiery Fred at their head, and paused to see no more.

Throwing all disgraces to the winds, Gospel George dashed down the slope, plunged through the waters and bounded forward to mingle in the bitter strife, his eyes fixed upon the white bandaged-head of his deadly foe.

## CHAPTER XV.

### BREAST TO BREAST.

On thundered the horsemen, led by the California; on sped the reckless outlaws, with Fiery Fred at their head. The riders charging in stern silence, save for their rapidly detonating firearms, seemed bent on riding directly over the little band of gold-hunters. The outlaws came yelling and screaming like veritable devils, and their smile gradually relaxed his rigid features.

"I licked 'em—didn't we, boy?" he muttered, "But I'm—I'm feelin' mighty—sleepy, some—how."

He seemed trying to throw off this feeling.

Drew his huge frame erect, tossing back his lionine head as if in defiance; and then he fell heavily back, dead, in the arms of his eldest son.

A shrill yell, accompanied by the thunder of many hoofs, startled the heavy-headed defenders, and each hand instinctively closed upon a weapon, as they glanced up from their sad work.

But only one man appeared in view, and he was recognized as a friend. It was Gospel George, bestriding one horse and leading twenty others, all secured beyond the chance of escape.

"Ready, boys!" he cried, in a clear tone.

"Never mind those on foot—down with the horsemen! Don't let one of them come within arm's length, and kick your horse in the fire!"

An irregular yell followed his words. Rifle and revolver spoke with terrible effect. The headlong charge was broken. Man and beast rolled over and over the ground in the agonies of death. Two men alone retained their saddles, seemingly unscathed by the storm of lead; but their horses were well-nigh unmanageable, plunging and kicking, snorting with terror. One of the twain turned and fled—or perhaps 'twas only his horse, not fear. The other sprang to the ground, leaving his mustang to its own devices. At his clear, sonorous shout, three men arose beside him from the struggling mass, and followed him boldly as he charged upon the smoke-filled-trench.

The young combatants gave a wild cheer as he observed the effect of his fire, and bade his men turn their attention to the second trench. His words were partially drowned in the din, but he was instinctively obeyed, and revolver-barrels grew hot with the rapid discharges. But here the work was not so easy.

Fiery Fred, when unblinded by poison, was cool and clear-headed enough. His pride had not been wounded like that of Don Estevan, and he was too cunning to rush his men upon death in one close-packed mass, where even a random bullet would be almost sure of its victim. At a word his men scattered, leaping and dodging from side to side, in a regular Indian charge, were raised firing on both sides. Blood was drawn, now that their body fell with that heavy, leaden thud which, once heard, can never be mistaken. But the excitement was now too intense for such deliberate marksmanship as had annihilated the body of horse. Death was coming too nigh for that.

And then came the shock, breast to breast.

The eye can follow, the pen depict the varied evolutions of two contending armies, even when bayonet crosses bayonet; but as the numbers lessen the difficulty increases, until lucid description becomes an impossibility, as now. The rival bodies become one, blended together until the eye is confused and deceived.

With the first shock, the outlaws were hurled back in confusion; but this repulse was only momentary. They set to task, and were not to be denied. The next instant they had closed and were struggling hand to hand, breast to breast, over the blood-stained trench. Then it was that each man lost his identity and became part of a horrible whole.

The two younger women, with the affrighted children, cowered trembling beneath the battered wagon, afraid to hide their eyes, yet fearing to look out upon that terrible scene.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 391.)

## A Hundred Thousand Dollars.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"SHE isn't a beauty, you see, but there's a about her charms, such as they are."

"Such as they are," repeated Lulu, with a shy, wistful glance up into Geoff Malvern's face. "What does that mean, that she is wise and good? It must be, since the solidity is not in her looks."

"I should say not. Did you ever see such a bundle of bones! Sister Maude calls her an ethereal creature, but I say she is scraggly beyond all manner of use. And I have an internal conviction that like very thin people in general, she has a horrid temper, and is as jealous as sin. Her shortcomings would make a good set off to my perfections, wouldn't they?"

"I thought those amiable womenfolks of mine would have enlightened you before this, Miss Wynde. Is their happy selection for my future wife. The 'solidity of charms' consists in a hundred thousand dollars to the fore. Don't you think my merits ought to command a hundred thousand at least?"

"It is what Miss Wynde may think which must settle that question."

"I'm not so sure abt it. I haven't quite decided to ask her yet. I may conclude it is going too cheap. Don't you believe that I have really offered myself up as a sacrifice until I tell you of it, little flower?" with a look down into Lulu's passion-dark eyes that made the girl's heart throb in spite of herself. A look which plainly said that all his light talk was talk only, that under it was a nature bold and true, that he had no thought of marrying for money while love was sweet and might be his for asking.

A very untutored little maid, you see, who had not learned yet that eyes could be as false as lips. But if Lulu was not worldly-wise, Miss Melicent Wynde was to a degree that sufficed for both.

"That pretty little creature, Melicent," Mrs. Maule Aslocut answered her questioning, "is my nursery governess. I don't know where I shall fill her place, but I shall be obliged to part with her."

"Do," said Miss Wynde, and went to Lulu when her notice of dismissal had been served.

"Crying! Oh, you are not going away; I made up my mind to that beforehand. I want you to stay as my companion, Miss Cristoff. I'll pay you as well as you've been paid here, and think I can safely promise you'll find it an improvement on being shut up in the nursery with Maude's troublesome young ones. You may as well say yes, I always have my own way."

She had it now, in spite of Mrs. Aslocut's remonstrances.

"You know you were only sending her off to nip a certain flirtation in the bud, Maude."

"Well, it was for her own good. Geoff would flirt with his grandmother if there were no one else at hand."

"He shall not flirt with me," said Miss Wynde, setting her thin lips in an unpleasant line.

But, as the weeks went on she could not feel wholly assured, and began to doubt the wisdom

themselves were in hardly better case, certainly were in no condition for following up their success.

Of them all, Gospel George alone sought to profit by the victory. As the outlaws broke, he had made all speed across the river, up the hill and down to where the Night Riders had left their animals. He tied their halters two and two, harnessed one horse, leading four others, and driving the remainder the top down the narrow valley.

Jonathan Grey stood over the body of his last victim, leaning upon the crimsoned crowbar. The lurid glow was fading from his eyes. Mechanically his feet were spread further apart, and he leaned more heavily upon the bar.

His son, Jotham, wounded and breathless, but almost wild with exultation, now saw him for the first time since the fight began, and sprung to his side with a cry of wonder. The patriarch slowly turned his head at the touch of his son's hand, and faint smile gradually relaxed his rigid features.

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(To be continued—commenced in No. 391.)

of her course. She had meant to force Geoff into showing his preference so decidedly that there should be no room for mistake; seeing them together day by day he must choose between the two; but Geoff heeded the sisterly warning and was dev. led to Miss Wynde, without denying himself the pleasure of feasting on Lulu's rich, bright coloring. That shy, sensitive face began to wear a cloud.

"I'm a fool," said Geoff to himself. "I can't afford to throw myself away, and that settles it. I'll buy the engagement-ring to-morrow and make an end of this."

That was the business which took him into the city next day; but, choosing the ring must have proved a more momentous affair than he had anticipated. It was three days later when he returned, and then he sought Lulu first of all.

"I have fought my battle," he said. "Will you despise me for having hesitated between you two? But it is only you whom I have loved, and love has won. Can you forgive me and care for me enough to be my wife, little one?"

Could she? A glad glow leaped up into that worn little face. Lulu's sad heart had been telling her pitiful truths, but he had come in time to give her back the hope and happiness which had been slipping away from her, to restore the faith which was almost broken.

"They will all be so angry, Geoff. You may regret it."

"Rogers" being made the happiest man on earth! For their being angry—let them! Shall I show you how much I care for that by taking you in and telling them all you are to be my darling little wife?"

But Lulu's joy was too fresh. She could not bear yet to have it marred by the reproaches, the coldness and opposition which it would be a trial for her timid nature to meet. When she left him she carried her full heart out into the falling night, trying to subdue her glad excitement before she should go up to Miss Wynde. Poor Miss Wynde! the tender little heart felt for her, too.

A spark of red showed through the shrubbery, and a step sauntered down to the gate. Another step, brisk and firm, came up from the road, and the two met.

"Rogers!" in Geoff's voice.

"Myself. You didn't expect me after you so soon, my dear boy. You see, I was impressed with the idea that you didn't dive into that musty history and take so much interest in the missing heiress all for nothing. But, by Jove! it was hardly friendly, you know, to have her under your very thumb and never give me a hit."

"So, you have found it out?"

"Yes, and you might have knocked me down with a feather. I saw through your little game at once. Give you joy if you succeed in roping in that hundred thousand that has been hunting for an owner these six months past."

"I accept your congratulations, old fellow. I have the honor to announce myself Miss Cristoff's husband that-is-to-be. The matter was settled less than an hour ago."

A low whistle broke from the other's lips.

"It's enough to bring hard old Sandy Cristoff up out of his long rest to know the sort of hands his treasured money-bags are falling into."

"I don't know any better calculated to handle them. I owe him a mint of gratitude. It would have been as much as the hundred thousand sand was worth to have reconciled me to Miss Cristoff."

Steps and voices passed on, and Lulu sat there, stunned.

Her good fortune had been made known in the house. The family were seeking her, ready to make amends for any slight they might have put upon her in the past, and Geoff came out through the garden-walks, calling softly:

"Lulu! Are you there, little truant? Dear child, what is it?"

Even through that gloom, her white face starded him.

"It is that I have found out how much you care for me, myself. It is, that I shall put you out of my life, and some day be glad that it was given me to know you as you are. It is, perhaps, that the spirit of my relative still lives in me, and by the sacrifice of nothing but a dream, will keep this hundred thousand dollars out of your hands."

And little Lulu was good as her word. She did put him out of her life, not without a struggle, though she was shamed through all her being forced, as though he would join them; but his foot struck against the body of his wounded son. Mechanically, he looked down. He saw the white, youthful face, from which his foot had dragged the blanket, and in that moment he remembered.

He flung the clinging hands from him. He stooped and grasped a heavy crowbar. He strode swiftly across the scant interval and joined in the melee.

The first man who encountered him face to face shrank back with a little cry of terror. It was as though a dead man had confronted him. The ashen gray face, hard and fixed as stone, with no more expression than a graven image, save for the eyes. Deeply bloodshot, they resembled coals of living fire, so fiercely did they burn.

The outlaw saw this, but no more. The bar of iron descended, and he was hurled to the ground with skull shattered to the chin. And then the blood-dripping bar rose and fell, an inexorable, death-dealing machine, as the giant strode through the tangled mass, his cold, corpse-like face only lighted by those terrible, blazing eyes.

There was one other whose actions the eye could easily follow, and that was Gospel George. His first impulse was to plunge headlong into the *melee*, and there seek his prey. But a long life of travel and experience had learned him wisdom. He knew that one could follow no given trail across a virgin field, and that the wise man kept within his own depth. His speed slackened and he paused while three paces from the trench, his eyes eagerly seeking for the still bandaged head of Fiery Fred. He caught a glimpse of it in the thick of the fight, and instantly fired.

A choking scream parted his lips as he saw the white head suddenly sink and disappear, and for the moment it seemed as though he must suffocate, so intense were his emotions. But then stout Geoff reassured himself, and, coolly as an experienced sportsman picking off grouse, as they rise, one by one, before his cunning dog, he chose his mark among the mass and sent the leaden missiles home with unerring precision.

It was at this point that Jonathan Grey entered the fight, and from that moment the tide began to turn.

The Night Riders missed the voice of their leader, and terribly thinned in numbers, their spirits began to quail. And then Gospel George capped the climax. He saw the signs of wavering, and sprung forward, yelling and shouting in a dozen different voices, calling upon an unlimited number of imaginary comrades to charge and surround the wretches—to murder, massacre them without mercy.

His advent was the last feather. Without another blow, the remaining outlaws broke and fled in utter confusion, unpursued. The victors

themselves were in hardly better case, certainly

were in no condition for following up their success.

Of them all, Gospel George alone sought to profit by the victory. As the outlaws broke, he had made all speed across the river, up the hill and down to where the Night Riders had left their animals. He tied their halters two and two, harnessed one horse, leading four others, and driving the remainder the top down the narrow valley.

Jonathan Grey stood over the body of his last victim, leaning upon the crimsoned crowbar. The lurid glow was fading from his eyes. Mechanically his feet were spread further apart, and he leaned more heavily upon the bar.

His son, Jotham, wounded and breathless, but almost wild with exultation, now saw him for the first time since the fight began, and sprung to his side.

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## LOVE IN A BALLOON.

BY JOE SOT, JR.

I shouted to the men below,  
"Hi! hi there; out the rope!"  
And Rose and I weeward rose  
In many a stiff wind break.  
I loved her for her pretty face—  
And for her golden curls—  
I thought her several thousand feet  
Above all other girls.  
No maiden could be half so fair,  
And surely none so sweet;  
She was a queen on that day with  
The whole world at her feet.  
The sweet sighs about her brow  
A piped a merry tune;  
My heart was much inflated, as—  
Was also the balloon.

Of that dear crowd of girls below  
I loved her best of all;  
And to my eyes, compared with her,  
Those girls looked very small.  
My heart aroar'd in the balloon  
To look at her eyes;  
And in both senses did I seem  
Exalted to the skies.

At last my feelings found a valve—  
"Dear maid, I love you sweet,  
With love that's not of earth by some  
Eleven thousand feet."  
This seems a romance in high life,  
And if it's allowed,  
I'd say my head and heart to-day  
Are verily in a cloud.

"My fancies take a flighty flight  
Much higher than the larks!"  
Said she, "You are too lofty, sir,  
In some of your remarks."

"Nay, nay," I answered, "precious maid,  
I mean just what I tell  
And rise up—in the air to say  
I long have loved you well."

"I'd whisper it unto the stars  
That bring their happiest tunes!"  
Said she, with twinkles in her eyes,  
"We're nearer to the moon."

"You are a seraph of the skies  
Or I'm an awful liar;  
My adoration for you, Rose,  
Is hourly growing higher."

"I love you for your upward ways  
And for your smiling worth,  
And I am very well aware  
This love is not of earth.

Maybe I've fixed my hopes too high,  
And they're vain, alas.  
But you're the anchor of my soul,"  
The maiden whispered—*"Gas!"*

"Oh, Rose, your cold indifference  
Makes all my spirit sick!"  
Said I, "It's easy to perceive  
You're a balloonist."

"And you had better lower yourself,"  
Her voice with chill was fraught,  
"And let me tell you plainly, sir,  
You are an airy-naught."

"My hopes, so ballasted with grief,  
Came down some miles about,  
And though I tried to make secure  
I'd never find us well out.

I saw she did not love at all,  
And so I let her drop,  
And pulled the rope and coming down,  
I saw I was gone up."

## The Flyaway Afloat;

OR,

THE YANKEE BOYS AROUND THE WORLD.

BY O. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "YANKEE BOYS IN CEYLON," "CAMP  
AND CANOE," "THE SNOW HUNTERS,"  
"ROD AND RIFLE," ETC., ETC.

VI.

THE BORN RAJAH.—THE LAST OF TONAN MAI.

They had scarcely passed the sand-hills which ran along the shore when a half-naked man was swimming toward them, waving his hands in the air and shouting to attract their attention. As he came nearer they saw that it was a white man, but for the time being robed in the scanty dress of the Born.

"Helloa, star ingers!" he shouted; "travelin' or goin' som'ers?"

In spite of the gravity of the situation, a perfect roar of laughter broke from the Yankee sailors at this speech from a man who wore in his head-dress the waving feathers of a Born chief.

"Who are you, friend?" demanded Dave Sawyer, looking at him intently.

"Don't you know me, Captain Dave?"

"I've seen you before, but I can't place you, my man."

"Saul Blossom, harpooner in the old Arethus. Your right-bower once, Captain Sawyer."

The two shook hands warmly. Saul had been an able seaman, but was lost off the coast of Australia, and was supposed to be dead.

"I'll tell you all about it another time, Cap. Here I am, Rajah of the tribe of Ichar, and do you know that the old man is nearly sick of glory? I guess if you'd give me a chance, I'd be likely to ship."

"Enough of that, Saul. You shall go with us if you wish, but we are in haste. Have you seen a company of Malays going inland?"

"I've seen a man I've sworn to kill. I mean that cursed Malay pirate, Tonan Mai. Five long years he ground me under his heel, because there was no one to pay a ransom for an old Yankee sailor, and I'll have revenge."

"How many men did he have?"

"Bout fifty, I reckon. See here, Cap—you head to the west and march easy for five miles, and at the end of that time you'll get a signal from one of my men. You are after them two ladies, I guess."

"Yes, yes!" cried Dave Sawyer and Captain Finney together.

"Yaas. Then we've got to work some plan to get the winnen out of the hands, or they'll kill 'em when they see they are overmatched. It is the naif cussedness of men like Tonan Mai. Now, I see this kentry and you don't, and you jest leave it to me. And if I don't get them gals out of his hands without hurting a feather, my name ain't Saul Blossom."

"If you do that you shall have a state-room aboard my schooner as first mate under Captain Sawyer," declared Dick.

"I wouldn't have you think I'm doin' this for pay, sir," answered the man. "I'd rather do it for the sake of them two purty critters; I would, indeed."

"Go, then, my brave fellow, and do your best," said Dick Wike. "I will not forget it in the time to come."

"All right. Now, you go on as I say, and when you see a man come out of the woods and blow a sea-conch, then you may know you are to follow on a charge. My man ain't good fun Malays, as a rule, but they are game to the core, as fur as they go."

He turned and plunged into the woods, and they advanced in silence at a leisurely pace, waiting for the signal of the Yankee rajah.

In the meantime Tonan Mai and his men were advancing rapidly, heading for a northern point of the island, where there was a city of his friends, and where he could easily procure transportation into his own country. The great storm which had arisen had driven his prows up on the shores of Borneo, but he had managed to save his prisoners, who, nearly worn out, were now being carried upon litters borne by stalwart Malays. The two women were pale, but firm. They saw no hope of escape, for they did not dream that those they loved were so close upon their track.

"Daughter of the East," said the Malay, in his figurative language, "how is it that such a flower should bloom in the bosom of a stranger? Why have you not loved one of the stronger race, the terror of the Malay seas?"

"My husband is not weak," replied Rona. "You have met him in battle, and you know it."

Tonan Mai stamped angrily upon the earth as he remembered the fruitless attack upon the Flyaway.

"I swore then, as I stood upon the deck of his schooner, that the brood of the south would turn and sting. I have said it, and it is so," he cried.

He spoke they gained the crest of an eminence, and saw three or four natives watching from the edge of the woods. The Malay advanced and shouted to them in a friendly manner, but they did not seem inclined to come forward. At last they advanced in a hesitating manner and began a parley with the sheereef, which ended in two of them going away to call their rajah. Half an hour later they were joined by a body of nearly seventy native warriors, all strong and hardy-looking men, led by the Yankee rajah, Saul Blossom.

"Ha!" cried the Malay. "Is it you, then, who are rajah here?"

"Why not?" replied Saul Blossom, speaking the language of the Malay easily. "My people are not accustomed to be slaves, and they are capes soon as they can."

The Malay looked sternly at the speaker, but he was not in a position to show his hand yet. Saul Blossom was more man than he and they looked strong and warlike. On the contrary, the Malays were somewhat worn by their long voyage, and not a few of them bore upon their bodies unhealed wounds, which they had received in the encounter with the men of the Flyaway.

"Let us be friends," and he offered his hand, but Saul Blossom drew back.

"I won't take the hand of a man who has beaten me like a dog," was the Yankee's answer in a tone that the Malay could not mistake. "We never can be friends, but I want to see you out of my country, and my men don't care to fight unless you make them. I guess we don't hanker after a muss with us, Mister Malay."

Sheereef Tonan Mai ground his teeth in a rage, as he looked over his weakened band, he saw that the rajah had spoken the truth, and that it would not do to quarrel, so he retorted:

"Let it be as you say. Go your way, and we will go ours."

"Do you want to buy a pros, Malay?" asked the rajah. "I've got one down here in the bay and you can have it for that diamond you wear."

"I will buy it," and the Malay eagerly detached the diamond, a jewel worth twenty thousand dollars, from the loof of his saron. "Lead the way to the pros, and this diamond is your own."

The rajah at once took the lead and struck for the coast in a diagonal line. After a march of half an hour a man came out of the woods and looked at them earnestly.

"Let some of my men carry the prisoners," ordered Saul. "Your people are very weary."

The Malays were glad to make the change, and eight strong Borni took up the litters and bore them on. Single Borni was sent in front to show the way when came the Malays, followed by Saul Blossom and the sheereef, then the Borni, and last of all the men carrying the litters. At this moment Saul took the lance which he carried and raised it above his head in a peculiar manner. As he did so the man who was watching them suddenly disappeared.

"What is this?" cried the Malay. "Where is that man gone?"

"I don't know," drawled Blossom. "Don't bessy, sheerer; you ain't in your own kentry now, I guess."

At this moment the note of a conch was heard not far in front, and instantly Blossom sprung back in the midst of his men, who, at a signal from him, formed a ring about the litters. Three ranks were formed, the first kneeling and presenting their long spears, the second stooping and also advancing their spears, while a third, standing erect, began to prepare their bows.

"Slave!" shouted the Malay, "what does this mean?"

"It means that I won't stand by and see white swimmers go as slaves in the country of a cursed human tiger of a Malay," replied Blossom. "You are fooled, sheerer; you'd better light out."

The warlike Malay glared at the speaker for a moment, and then, with the wild battle-cry of his race, hurled himself upon the spears of the Borni, followed by his men. He was instantly hurled backward by a blow from a club in the hands of Saul Blossom, a blow so terrible that the blood swam before his eyes, and his senses seemed leaving him. But the Borni were not all as brave as their rajah, and the Malays quickly broke through the first line of spears and forced the Borni back in a confused mass, still however, keeping the women in the center. Once at close quarters, the Malay creese was more than a match for the unwieldy weapons of the Borni. Down they went, man by man, and the ladies saw with horror that Tonan Mai would share their savage friends.

"Strike, son, of the serpent!" cried Tonan. "Down with the black dogs, but save the rajah alive, if you can. I will make him lick the dust under my feet."

Saul Blossom struggled desperately to reach the speaker, but he dreaded the power of that strong arm, and kept carefully out of the way. The Borni fought desperately, but the last circle about the ladies was nearly broken, when a charging cheer was heard, and the men of the Flyaway were seen advancing on a run, with Dave Sawyer at their head. Close behind them came the British marines, with their muskets at the "right shoulder shift." The Borni took heart, and again bore back their enemies at the points of their long spears. Then, no longer hampered by the press of men, Saul Blossom threw themself upon Tonan Mai.

The Malay saw that all was over, and rushed to seek the place where he blamed most for his defeat, and struck furiously at his breast with his blue steel creese. Saul leaped nimble aside, and his club fell with crushing force. The Malay threw up his hands and fell dead at the feet of the man who had been his slave.

"I swore to do it if we even met!" cried the Yankee rajah, as he set his foot upon the prostrate form. "Hurrah! the battle is ours!"

By this time the Borni had scattered the last of the Malays, and were pursuing them in knots of two and three. Not one of them escaped, but before the chase had fairly begun, Rona was in the arms of her husband and Mrs. Finney was clasped to the breast of the brave captain, while the Farsee looked calmly on, with a benign expression upon his noble face. He had done his work well.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 390.)

## Tales Worth Telling.

BY LAUNCE POYNTE.

## II.

## MAC GAHAN'S RIDE.

I suppose many people think they could make good newspaper correspondents.

Perhaps you could, my friend, and again, perhaps you may be mistaken.

No doubt you think a correspondent has what low people—brokers and such like—call a "soft thing" to it, getting good pay, and doing nothing but write an occasional letter to his paper, giving the news from Paris, or London, or Constantinople, or Ujiji, or any of those barbarous places, where the people live who never eat pork and beans, and who are quite innocent of the meaning of Thanksgiving Day.

You are quite right as to one thing. All our friends are correspondents, and have to do is to write the news of the place where he happens to be. So much is certain.

But the question is, how is he to get the news, and which of it is interesting. The letter must be written, but what is to go into it? In Paris or London, "our own correspondent" is supposed to be on intimate terms with kings and queens, to know all the nobility, to be able to tell all the gossip of the aristocracy, and yet the poor devil may be a perfect stranger in the land, when he goes there.

This was the reason he took nothing but horses for the little Kirghiz horses are tremendous travelers. They will keep up a sort of ambling trot

his lot is an easy one compared with the trials of the schooner, that the brood of the south would turn and sting. I have said it, and it is so," he cried.

He is expected to know, or at least make a true guess at, the plans of the commanding general on both sides, to know when armies will move, what the enemy is doing, where he is, how many men he has.

That is comparatively easy, one may say. He has only to repeat camp gossip and guess at the rest. Very true, but three mistakes will cost him his place, for above all things a war correspondent must give true news, or he is worthless. Then he has got to make friends among the generals, who all hate war correspondents. Altogether, he has a hard time of it in a campaign.

That is why he earns his money. So Mr. McGahan thought, one bitter January day, in Moscow, when he received an order from the editor of the *New York Herald* to take a little ride of three thousand miles, catch a Russian army somewhere in Tartary, supposed to be on its way to Khiva, and write up the campaign in full.

McGahan was an old war correspondent, and had been all over the world in the service of different papers. In Russia he had lived long enough to learn the language, and what would have been impossible to another man would have been easy for him. He had learned to speak Russian fluently, and was well known throughout the country.

To realize the difficulties of the task before him, you must remember that there were no railroads where he was going, that the country was covered with deep snow, the thermometer thirty degrees below zero, and a keen gale was blowing over the frozen shelterless steppe.

All he knew of his destination was that General Kauffman, whom he was seeking, had been ordered to start in March from Tashkent in Turkestan, to take Khiva, that five previous Russian expeditions to the same place had ended in massacre or starvation, and that it was very doubtful when he got to the Russian frontier, if the officers would allow him to go after him.

Pleasant prospect for McGahan.

However, he started, along with a friend, Mr. Eugene Schuyler, of the American legation, and a guide and a muleteer to make the journey.

Did you ever see a tarantass? It's a very queer looking concern, but it's just the thing for traveling on the steppes, where wheelwrights and blacksmiths are scarce, and a Brewster buggy would smash up the first mile. There are four stout heavy wheels, about as thick as those of a coal cart. Two long spring poles of green wood unite the axles, and a big box, with a leather hood and curtain, is put on the poles. If the poles break down, they can always be replaced from the nearest pine wood, and as there are no nails in the concern, nothing but rawhide straps and thongs those are provided just as easily.

Bundling themselves up in sheepskins, the two friends started on their journey over the great southern steppes, in the midst of a Russian winter. How they fared till they got to the frontier would be a long story to tell, but on the 19th of April, 1873, they found themselves at last at the frontier of Siberia, within ten miles of the sea of Aral, at the little Russian town of Kaza, on the Syr Daria or Jaxartes river.

They had left winter behind them and come into spring. The thermometer stood at 85 in the shade already. Then they began to ask for General Kauffman, from the commandant of the place.

General Kauffman had started three weeks before, and was supposed to be about three hundred miles off.

To get to him they would have to cross the desert of Kyzil-Kum, inhabited by the Kirghiz Tartars, who were all haters of the Russians, and born robbers.

"Very well" said McGahan, boldly; "if I can get horses, I will start to-morrow."

You see the tarantass was no mere toy, as General Kauffman had indeed turned aside to Tashkent and a well called Aristan bel Kuduk, and it was only to get water, and he soon resumed his march west, and came up toward the pursuing correspondent.

There was nothing to do but to press on, trusting to the speed of the march to overtake the Russians, and McGahan rode on to the next well, called Tandjark, twenty-five miles further, reaching it this evening. Here he met a little aoul of Kirghiz, who welcomed him to the place.

General Kauffman had started three weeks before